

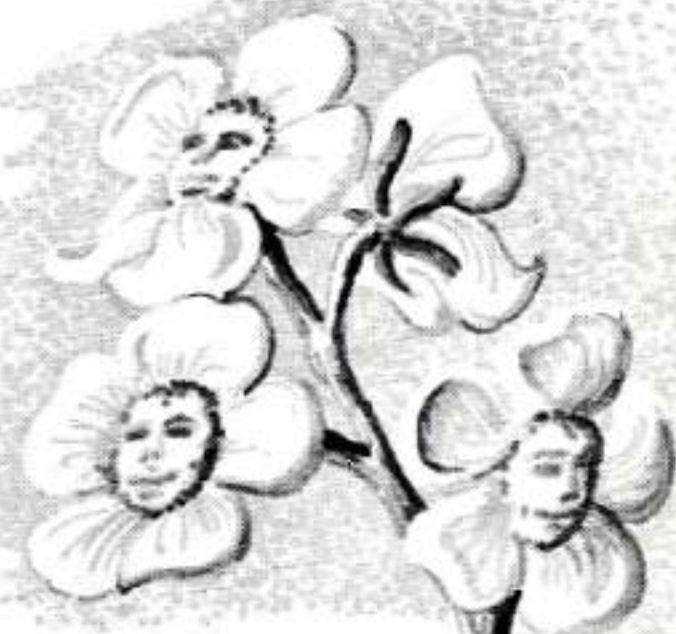
In

Touch™

\$1.

STEVE NETTLES

FRED HALSTED



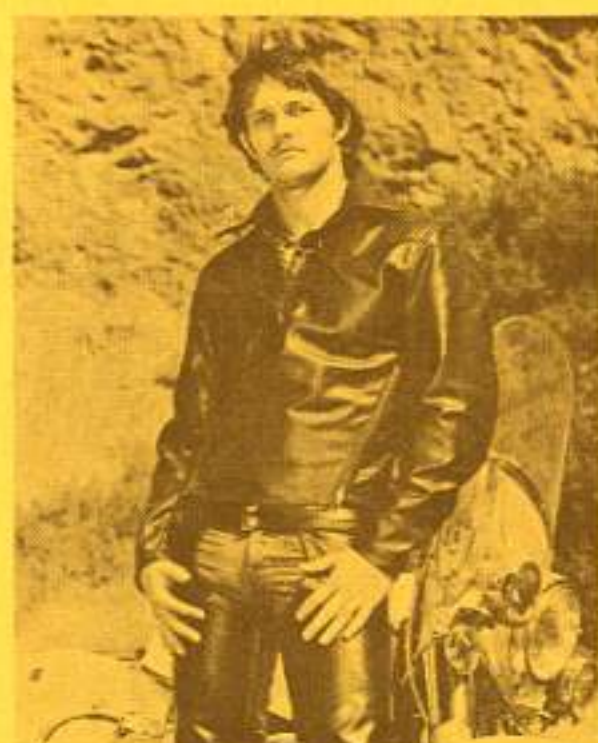
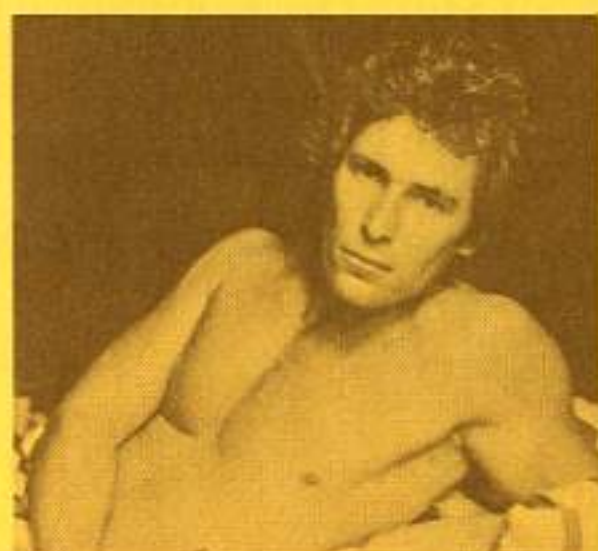
THE HIGH COST OF HONEY

ORGANIC HONEY COSTS
MORE THAN THE PLAIN
BECAUSE HONEY-FARMERS
MUST BUY TINY GOLD CHAINS
M I L E S L O N G
TO MAKE CERTAIN BEES
SIP NECTAR ONLY
FROM ORGANICALLY-GROWN
blossoms IN THEIR OWN fields.
OTHERWISE, BEES
WOULD VENTURE TO OTHER fields.
AND THAT IS WHY, MY LOVE,
YOUR PRICE IS TOO HIGH;
I TOO WOULD HAVE TO BUY
GOLD CHAINS FOR YOU
TO MAKE CERTAIN THE NECTAR
YOU SIP IS ORGANICALLY-GROWN.

By Henry Patrik
Art by J. D. Klamik



J. D. KLAMIK



IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

vol. 1, no. 2

november 1973

THIS ISSUE

- 2 Poem: **THE HIGH COST OF HONEY** by *Henry Patrik*
- 4 **THE CALENDAR**—*this month's events*
- 6 Poem: **LOVE IS A LIQUID MOTION** by *Henry Patrik*
- 7 **WHERE IT'S AT**—*Our own guide to business*
- 10 Personality: **A PERFECTLY HAPPY LADY** by *Hugh Roberts*
- 16 Politics: **DECISION '73: ad nauseam** by *Donald Warman*
- 18 Community Leader: **FRED HALSTED PLAYS HIMSELF** by *David Minton*
- 24 **IN TOUCH with BOOKS**
- 25 **IN TOUCH with FILMS**
- 26 Discovery: **STEVE NETTLES HERE AND NOW** by *Hugh Harrison*
- 32 The **IN TOUCH** Host
- 33 **IN TOUCH at Home**
- 34 Fashion: **LEATHER ON LEATHER** by *Jay Ross*
- 40 **IN TOUCH Dines Out**
- 41 **IN TOUCH Humor**
- 42 Leisure: **ZUMA—SUN, SEA AND BODIES FREE** by *Dan Morgan*
- 51 **IN TOUCH Comments**

OUR COVER: This month's discovery, Steve Nettles, framed by modern art. See Steve Nettles Here and Now beginning on page 26.

This Page: Barbara Cason (page 10). Fred Halsted (page 18), Jimmy Hughes (page 34), Bruce Cox (left) and Sonny Buckley (page 42).

PUBLISHER: Damien Roth

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: William Sheffler

EDITORIAL ADVISOR: Jim Kepner

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: Donald Hunt, Linda Simon, Bob McConnell

GRAPHICS: The Stephens Agency

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Los Angeles: Alan Trevor (213) 659-4210.

San Francisco: David Hodgson (415) 495-9120.

Contributing Writers: Randy Alexander, Cliff Barlow, Hugh Harrison, Daved Jade, Fred Jerole, Jim Kepner, David Minton, Dan Morgan, Henry Patrik, Lyn Pedersen, Jay Ross, Warren Stephens, Thom Taylor, Donald Warman.

Contributing Photographers: Rik Lawrence, Bud McGinnis, Larry Richards, Hugh Roberts, Dave Sands, Kirby Sires, Richard Sullivan.

Contributing Artists: George Holimon, J.D. Klamik, Gjon, Jak, Jorj.

Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. All rights in letters sent to IN TOUCH shall be assigned to the publication and may be edited and commented on editorially.

IN TOUCH is published monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 256 South Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, California 90211. © 1973. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in IN TOUCH is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. Contents of the magazine may not be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission. Subscription rates: 1 year, \$10.00; 2 years, \$18.00; 6 months, \$5.00.

The CALENDAR

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IN TOUCH will be happy to receive listings for our Calendar. To be included, listing must be in our offices not later than 10th of month preceding issue (Sept. 10 for November, Oct. 10 for December, etc.). Please include location, address and time as well as other pertinent material.

THEATRE
AUCTIONS
BALLS
CONTESTS
TOURS
Galas
SHOWS
MEETINGS

4	5	6
1 1	1 2	1 3 8:00 p.m. SPREE'S November meeting features films by Pat Rocco plus Lou Claudio's Live musical LOST CITY Trouper's Hall 1625 No. La Brea Hollywood
1 8 Noon to 8:00 p.m. Gay Community Services Center ANNUAL OPEN HOUSE Variety of Special Activities 1316 Wilshire Blvd. Los Angeles	1 9 8:00 p.m. EMPRESS LA REY'S 4th ANNUAL UNIVERSAL BALL Selecting King and Queen of the Universal Mayflower Ballroom Inglewood	2 0 
2 5	2 6	2 7

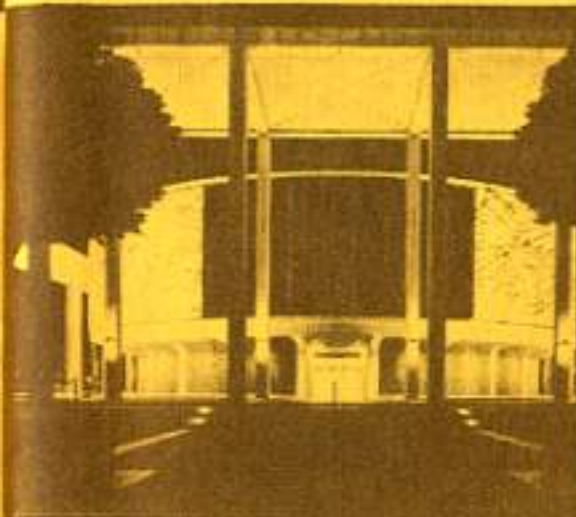
for NOVEMBER

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1

Brecht's
MOTHER COURAGE
opens at
MARK TAPER FORUM
135 N. Grand
Los Angeles—8:00 p.m.

2

Lecture Series on Gay Studies
by **JIM KEPNER**
each Friday in November
ONE, INC.
2256 Venice Blvd.
L.A. (near Western)

3

7

8

9

10



14

Ben Bagley's
**THE DECLINE AND FALL
OF THE ENTIRE WORLD
AS SEEN THROUGH THE
EYES OF COLE PORTER**
Opens a 5-week engagement
OFF BROADWAY
314 "F" Street San Diego

15



17

8:00 p.m.
Monthly meeting of
DIGNITY
Newman Center
4665 Willowbrook
Los Angeles

21



23

24

28

29

30

Love Is A Fluid Motion

*As we danced, I felt the fluid
motion of you...and later
that night, I swam the surface
of your body...with my fingertips
touched its ripples...realizing
excitement of your rapids...through the mouth
tasted the salt of your sea.
I sank into your deep...drifting
in your undercurrents...rose
with your high tide...surging
on the crest of your swell...the beauty
of bursting spray tossed
me far into infinity. Quickly
I downed into the encircling
wave of your arms...whirlpooled
into the peace of your being.*

WHERE IT'S AT

BARS **BATHS** *Restaurants* **THEATRES** *Shops*

CRUISE AND SCORE SITES

THE PUB—Tourists, beach boys, and locals mix well in this casual atmosphere. 224 Helena, Santa Barbara.

GRIFF'S—Prime leather and Levi stalking, always a horde, lines form for weekend congregating. Studs show early. Bikes. 5574 Melrose, Hollywood.

1170—It is there.

BUNKHOUSE—Kicky roundup bunch with jaunty cowboy bartenders. A few retired rodeo stars hold the fort between shifts of popularity. Never can tell when the rodeo is in town. 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, towards Silver Lake from the 1170 in Hollywood.

DETOUR—Familiar cruisy location has given birth to new center of activity. Western and leather mixing it up with beer and culture. Films and games and original music. Find it at the corner of Santa Monica and Sunset in Silver Lake at 1087 Manzanita, Los Angeles.

FALCON'S LAIR—Western, leather, and followers. Weekend gang swells out into the patio and up onto the game room. Weekdays strictly cruising. 742 N. Highland, Hollywood.

JAGUAR—Mixed, heavy cruising mingles with swaying crowd. Lines on weekends. Notorious Sunday conventions. 7511 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

GOLIATH'S—Three continuous go-go boys, two continuous films, and restless crew are part of a conspiracy to capture you in a unique excitement game. 7011 Melrose, West Hollywood.

DUDE CITY—Impetuous young tribe has mostly become disloyal, groovy clan remains around pool table in need of cruising. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood. Nice place for a break from the Falcon's Lair down the street.

THE HUB—Mixed crowd converges for one purpose. Busy pool room waits at end of long corridor bar. 7864 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

THE HAYLOFT—Western bar designed for cruising. Mixed afterhours holds good bunch. 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TRUCK STOP—T-shirts and tattoos, Levi and sawdust, beer and cruising. Bike conventions on Sundays. Always kicky and jumping weekends. 13257 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

BIG BROTHER—Seaside cowboys and cowgirls accord a lively mosaic with a pool room temper. 1616 Washington, Venice.

JIM'S CORRAL—Some of the hunkiest num-

bers in the Southland have discovered where the rustling is good. Becoming stompin' grounds for hot Levi and leather. Just off the Artesia Frwy. at Cherry. 2020 Artesia Blvd., North Long Beach.

LIL LUCY'S—Social gatherings on weekdays easily transform to young heavy cruising mob on weekends. 1200 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

D.O.K. WEST—Most all the gangs come together for Garden Grove's big scene. Sociable types bump elbows with cruisers. 12889 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

BEE JAYS—Rowdy gang refuses not to have a great time. Everybody welcome, lots of Levi, on the park across from USO and baths. 750 India, San Diego.

SWING—Largest cross-section, cruising for everyone, always busy, come and find your corner. 3175 India, San Diego.

CLUB—Assortment, leather nights, Sunday Brunch bunch swells to early afternoon crush. 2501 Kettner, San Diego.

THE BLACK PIPE—Definitely leather, kicky weekdays, chummy pool tournaments, bike clubs, always cruising gets heavy on weekends. Best jukebox in So Cal and friendliest bartenders. 2440 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles.

PADDLE BOARD II—Daytime beach bar, nighttime cruising and socializing, afterhours mobs, dancing and coffee, must score. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

JOE'S—Kicky bar, lots of Levi and leather. Large adjoining game room with plenty of cruising. Early crowd gets mature but never elegant. Late crowd gets raunchy and always ready. 2682 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

NEW LAGOON SALOON—REMODELING. Newly leather, great layout for fun bar, lots of rooms and huge patio. Bike club meetings. Go on in and meet Ray and find out what's happening when. Some crazy trade. 1415 Santa Fe, Long Beach.

TRAFFIC JAM—Humpy bartenders hold the fort for late crowd. Mixed types with some western and some seamen. Bar broken down to three sections: socializing up front, game play around the pool table, and serious cruising in the back room. 4663 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

GAF—All purpose bar-club for Palm Springs area. Entertainment some nights, crowds for dancing, with time for cruising. 67901 Hwy. 111, Cathedral City.

MUST SCORE TIME

THE OUTCAST—Early hours heavy leather score, workout Levi score, kinky score. Gangs mix during afterhours, tangling through three-room cruising grounds. Santa Monica Blvd. at Virgil Ave. in Silver Lake.

TRADESMAN—Double bar, double movies. Raunchy before hours becomes cruisy afterhours throng. Just off the alley. Melrose at Vista, West Hollywood.

OUTER LIMITS—The whole town shows up afterhours, crowding chicken out onto the ultraviolet dance floor and filling all empty spaces; Tiffany trade poolroom find harmonious balance. 11918 Garden Grove in Garden Grove.

JERRY'S HOLE—Chicken coop crowd keeps dancing while the afterhours flow fills the hole. Heavy cruising in the patio. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR

AFTER DARK—Disco, D.J. pulls in nightly congestion. Core regiment into fashion but atmos remains relaxed. One ballroom, three bars, dining room, and lookout balcony. Find it on Beverly Blvd., the northeast corner at La Cienega Blvd., in West Hollywood.

GINO'S—All night dancing, traditional chicken has expanded afterhours, large platoon into fashion, large funk faction, friendly pool players, coffee drinkers, jitterbuggers, and must-score posse. 8452 Melrose, West Hollywood.

BUTCH GARDENS—Very California with gay caballeros prancing among the friendliest casual crowd. Large barroom dance. Decor is bizarre, an assemblage of gargoyled stone walls, red rams' heads breathing fire, mirrors and dancing beams of light. Good cruising and cheerful bartenders for talkers. 3037 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

OIL CAN HARRY'S—The dancers meet here for nightly congregational. Also cruising but mostly conflux. 11502 Ventura, Studio City.

OFFICE—Black light ballroom boogie and orange light corner pinball are both neatly shuffled into a large mirror box. 13817 Ventura, Sherman Oaks.

OUTER LIMITS—Afterhours, Disco, mongrel symposium with elegant air of nostalgia; Valley youths into fashion arrive early. Enter in the rear off Whitsett on the east side before reaching the south corner at Magnolia, in North Hollywood.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE—Fun saloon atmos

hosts mobs every night for cruising and dancing. Two bars, separate dance floor; small cartoon theatre. 2523 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Show spot with separate dance floor and bar. Good weekend crowd, crowded most nights after show. Cover. 750 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OUTRIGGER—Hybrid tribe into dancing, beachbar weekdays, nightly crowds intertwine parties, mobs on Sunday from all over town. 844 W. Mission, Mission Bay, San Diego.

DIABLO'S—Intersexual mix, mostly girls' bar with large reinforcements of boys and straights. Everybody dancing. Large adjoining bar and game room. 2533 El Cajon, San Diego.

ALL NIGHT LONG—Phantasmagorical light show with quadraphonic sound and plenty of weird people dancing here and there and anywhere. Mostly into fashion, there is a loud clatter of platform heels but the mob is mixed and cruising also is fine. New bar, still shaping identity, whatever that is in a place like that. 7011 Melrose, Hollywood.

ALSO DANCE FLOOR

HANDLEBAR—Rudy is waiting to take care of you. Fun dancing, sociable liquor bar, and cozy grill in back. One of the friendliest spots in Hollywood. 5925 Franklin Ave.

THE PARK—Sometimes crowd has plenty of room for dancing or carousing around elevated beer bar. Weekend cover. Afterhours. 4658 Melrose, Los Angeles.

RIVER CLUB—Two bars, one comfortable

bar with nice leaners-on watching small floor filled with graceful dancers, also a corner bar near the pool table where the boys are supposed to hang out. 3152 Riverside Dr., in North Silver Lake.

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE—Small crowd for dancing, dark and cruisy corners, and neighborhood social bar as well. 7746 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

BRASS RAIL—Clean liquor bar with small, hot, and wild dance floor. Not always open. Located behind Dude City. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood.

S.S. FRIENDSHIP—Always lively waves of beachgoers but also lively local night spot for tides of dancing and cruising. 112 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PADDLE BOARD II—Services large South Bay area for cruising, socializing, dancing, and afterhours must-score. Weekend hordes. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

THE CLUB HOUSE—Warm atmosphere created by gentle blend of various types of local people. Coziness of being almost private and the friendliness of being open to visitors. Also a team from Cal Tech adds party atmos. 1936 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

BARBARY COAST—Large dance floor holds good weekend crowd. Dance and look up at silver bellies plopping into the airport. Exciting and noisy flight pattern. 2431 Pacific Hwy., San Diego.

HOP HOUSE—Growing accommodations soon to include dance floor for already jumping group. Cheerful renaissance management. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

THE AIRPORT—Formerly Latin nightclub has given way to the Silver Lake surge. Good neighborhood for large dance floor. Should catch on, probably already has. Friendly, check it out. 3626 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

GLASS ONION—Beer and wine lounge, good dance floor, sometimes shows, great buffet on Wednesday, weekend rush at 19723 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SUCH

LLOYD—Sandra Alexander sings soul into your unholy flesh, also pick up the children by the toes and throws them out on the dance floor. Mixed intersexual dancing and other minglings. 739 N. La Brea, Hollywood.

BLA BLA CAFE—Coffeehouse atmos with plenty of good acts. Great for Insomniacs, music lovers, parties, and lots of love. Famous for afterhours breakfast. 11059 Ventura, Studio City.

C'EST LA VIE—Thick with atmosphere, comfortable lounge with female impersonators engaged in pantomime of a 1940's Pearl Harbor floor show. International numbers prevail. Tourist spot. 11920 Ventura, Studio City.

CAESAR'S—Quality live acts, impersonators and comics. Reservations suggested. 12179½ Ventura, Studio City.

REDWOOD ROOM—Female impersonators in established showbar. Sometimes the best show in town and then again . . . 3372 W. 8th, Wilshire District, Los Angeles.

TOY TIGER—Large lounge with great piano

bar. Blake Hudson at the grand creating happy singalong of old favorites and current show tunes. Nightly mobs. 2538 Hyperion, Silver Lake.

LITTLE CAVE—Country and western piano bar, everyone sings. 3111 Sunset, Silver Lake.

PIER XII—Weekend comic skits for campy fun, just off the beach, very mixed clientele. 2722 Main St., Santa Monica.

MARY'S CELEBRITY HOUSE—Gina at the piano spellbinds all the young men downstairs with her blue-eyed soul. Upstairs has majestic ocean view dining. 5101 E. Ocean, Long Beach.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Part of this entertainment complex includes a show room for a variety of entertainment. Call for program. 730 E. Broadway, Long Beach. (213) 433-0331.

SHOW BIZ—Manager-director Clint Johnson lives and breathes to entertain you. His **TURNABOUTS** is the best show going anywhere. Live singing, impersonations, burlesque skits, and pantomimes are all put through the limits of spectacle on a small stage. 1421 University, San Diego.

QUEEN MARY—Fun crowds always. Female impersonators; comic skits, live and pantomime; amateur nights. The showroom now has a name—The King's Den. 12449 Ventura, Studio City.

MARY'S HANG UP—Very mixed bar, always one scene or another happening here. Weekends have a most unique drag show. Catch the Dimpled Darlings, 714 Garnet, Pacific Beach, San Diego.

COMING CLEAN

YMAC—Young Men's Athletic Club, a small club for members and guests, good facilities, private rooms and large bunkhouse upstairs. Hunky types abound. 7661 Melrose, West Hollywood.

3rd STREET ATHLETIC CLUB—Private club with nice facilities. Young, healthy, and lively members and quiet, private rooms. 8709 W. 3rd St., West Hollywood.


ORLANDO BATHS—Small, private club with real Finnish Rock Steam. Mature but experienced and wholesome members. Wednesday night is buddy night. Closed at 1 AM. 309 S. Orlando, West Hollywood.

MELROSE SOCIAL CLUB—Private bath, guests welcome. Usually active but not too busy. Mature crowd. 7269 Melrose, West Hollywood.

CYPRESS BATHS—Formerly Gemini Baths. Small and private for early evening get together. 5291 Fountain, Hollywood.

TURKISH BATHS—Mature crowd turns lively and mixed afterhours weekends. Private rooms usually filled and hallways light for cruising. Good rendezvous spot. 5524 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MID-TOWNE BATHS—The best facilities to be found, includes three floors of private rooms, swimming pool indoors, jacusi, two steam rooms, lounges, game room, television room, and restaurant. Cleanest facilities and best accommodations. Large membership and many Saturday night guests. 24 hours. 615 S.



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(Use handy Form on page 50)

Kohler, Downtown Los Angeles.

GLEN'S—Turkish baths around the clock. Mobs caravan only on weekends. Established. 4550 Brooklyn, East Los Angeles.

CORRAL CLUB—Many corridors, many rooms, all sizes and shapes for all trips. Good services and accommodations. Always crowded, always variety; heavy young. 3747 Cahuenga, Studio City.

AMERICAN CONTINENTAL BATH—Convenient North Hollywood bath with plenty of private rooms and a very interesting series of interconnected bunk rooms. Friendly attendants and open membership. 5729 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

HOLIDAY BATHS—Decent setup, good service; open around the clock. Mixed respectable crowd. 14435 Victory, Van Nuys.

WELLINGTON CLUB—Around the clock crowd, mostly young with a lot of humpy numbers. Nice facilities with outdoor heated pool and patio. 1202 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

ATLAS BATHS—Small, lively downtown bath with raunchy types. Across from Bee Jays and USO. 743 Columbia, Downtown San Diego.

GLEN'S TURKISH BATHS — Downtown mixed crowd makes for an exciting adventure. Good accommodations as well. 867 4th, Downtown San Diego.

DAVE'S—Always busy with weekend crush scene. Clean and modern. Established. 4969 Santa Monica, Ocean Beach, San Diego.

GLEN'S—Not private, open 24 hours, steam room, sauna, color TV, poolroom, private rooms, friendly crowds, just off Ventura Frwy. 4653 Lankershim, No. Hollywood.

YORK BATHS—Very private affairs are over fast and roam around corridors filled with shameless lovers and recreant employees. 5013 York, Highland Park, L.A.

L.A. TUBS—Formerly 4424. Nice weekend crowds, mixed and western. Steam room, private rooms, recuperation room, TV, lockers. Small but nice. 4424 Melrose, Los Angeles.

AQUARIUS—Small steam room, showers, TV room, private rooms. Heavy city. Fast score corridors. Interesting parties. Educated clientele. 4504 Eagle Rock, Eagle Rock, L.A.

LEVI CLUB—Extremely accommodating personnel will take care of your ditty bag and other locker needs, right away, and send you into the hordes of swarming bodies that make up the clientele of this frolic spot. Just fifteen minutes from Hollywood, off the San Bernardino Frwy. During off-ramp construction call (213) 686-1851 for loving guidance. They're at 10715 Garvey in El Monte.

OIL CAN HARRY'S SPA—Plenty of action here when everywhere else is out of season. Fine facilities for finer people, dancing in the aisles from scene to scene, a variety to choose from. 68999 Broadway, Cathedral City, for the Palm Springs area.

ALLEY CATS CORNER

ODYSSEY—Sex on the skids stays healthier near the beach. 221 State St., Santa Barbara.

SPOTLIGHT—Selma Avenue rest stop mixes

it up with golden Cadillacs and neighborhood alley cats. Always a party. Cruising pays off. 1621 Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

SPEAK 39—Heavy trade mixes it up with beautiful exotic drags. Gets rough, gets happy, gets tough, gets frolicky, and always alive. Cahuenga at Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

ALDO'S—Just off the alley. Plenty of talk and drink and food. Sunday brunch makes good bait. Trade makes calls. Drags welcome when ladylike. Bartenders are the friendliest. 6413 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

HOUSE OF IVY—Dance floor for mixed rabble, friendly trade on break. Perennial spot with ever-changing environment. 1640 N. Las Palmas, Downtown Hollywood.

THE ALLEY—*Bold Venture at the Alley* is a sometimes busy place and tourist rest stop, usually trade. 6357 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE SALOON—Bizarre atmos has become home for trade gone gay. Good spot to find a wrestling partner. Hollywood and Vine, in the heart of Hollywood.

MY HOUSE—Neighborhood alley cats come together for lots of laughter and elbow bending. 1626 N. Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

THE NEW GASLIGHT—Promising renaissance in alley fare, should have no trouble in bringing crowd together. On the grounds of the late Sewers of Paris, with the namesake of the Gaslight, and modernized atmosphere of the Vieux Carre, something is bound to happen. Check it out, just off Selma at Ivar, behind the Ivar Theatre, Downtown Hollywood.

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE—Clean and comfortable with well-behaved clientele usually. Will score. Worthwhile. 6434 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

J.B.'s—Cozy spot for alley cats to get to know each other. 6365 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

THE CELLAR—Strictly trade. Bath upstairs. On Santa Monica west of Western, Hollywood.

LAST CALL SALOON—Trade, Latins, Oakies, limp-wrist veterans, and closet queens move about the pool table or clutch glasses in

corners. Santa Monica Blvd. just east of Western, Hollywood.

HAROLD'S—Cuspidor and linoleum atmosphere hosts mixing of traveling trade, respectable gentlemen, questionable ladies, approachable lost souls and liquor. 555 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE WALDORF—Spittoon and concrete atmosphere plays host to heavy traffic mix of mainstreet locals, trade, servicemen, Latins, and other fiery types. 527 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE CROWN JEWEL—Downtown locals, traveling trade, California caballeros, and tourists blend in mellow scene. Good pool. 754 S. Olive, Downtown L.A.

CIRCLE BAR—City gentlemen play host to country boys. 324 W. 5th, Downtown L.A.

THE HAVEN—City street locals find agreeably comfortable shelter and amazingly accommodating trade at pool table. Broadway at Long Beach Blvd., Downtown Long Beach.

BRADLEY'S—On Horton Plaza, this huge barroom opens back its doors to heavy downtown traffic of tradesmen, servicemen, gentlemen, and trade. 303 Broadway, Downtown San Diego.

BRASS RAIL—Reopening under construction across the street. Formerly 3802 5th St., Downtown San Diego. Check it out.

CORNER POCKET—Lots of pool paces out the cruising style of trade studs. Sometimes rowdy crowd kept in toe by the seriousness of the cruising rituals. Lacks the zest added by the psychedelic rabble of years gone by but much better for scoring. 8800 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

MUSTER INN—Pretty gypsy boy bartenders and a few rugged types are carefully watched over by local neighborhood cracker Gays. Strange. Otherwise jazzy neighborhood, this hovel echoes rare country rock and rouge. Lots of atmosphere undefined. 2222 E. Anaheim, Long Beach.

ROMAN IV—Heavy downtown traffic with plenty of room to roam. Pool tables have own side of the bar and the rituals are set but fast. Easy to score, servicemen, tradesmen, gentlemen, and trade seem in good accord. Fun location. 14 Elm St., Long Beach.

Continued on Page 55



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due to premature baldness**

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Barbara Cason

A Perfectly Happy Lady

It's the damndest thing. You walk through Barbara Cason's front door in the borrowed house—as wonderfully opposed to rented—she occupies with her equally talented husband, Dennis Patrick, and you've left Southern California. There I was, Aliced down a rabbit hole right into New York. It's not the house, you understand, but strictly its occupants. These people have a crisp, efficient approach to life and an intense involvement in their art that seems different from our Southern California style.

My first greeting, aside from the witty Mr. Patrick in the front yard, was from a frisky, yapping ball of fur that I later realized was a dog—whirling dervish variety. Ms. Cason identified this excitable greeter as Millie, short for Mildred Dunnock, but mostly referred to thereafter as “the goddam dog.” The dog's name is just the first tipoff that here in Barbara Cason we have real Theatre People.

Far from theatre, my own first encounter with her was not only via television, but was via a television commercial, of all things, for she's that pushy, gushy, nosey broad who looks at the blue water in your toilet and discovers a little man inside touting the glories of Tyd-E-Bol. Now, I must admit, my first inclination upon discovering a little man in my toilet would be to flush it. So I asked my first and only prepared question: “What do you say to a three-inch man you find in your commode?”

Without so much as a blink, back came: “How's the water?” Tipoff number two, this is indeed a very funny lady.

Her husband has warned me that she's, well, just a bit shy and probably won't talk too much. I don't seem to be having that problem, and she, in turn, seems to be having a blast. She sits across from me on a familiar, comfortable off-white couch, declaring simply, honestly and, with just a touch of mist, “When I grow up, I want to be Cathleen Nesbitt . . . or at least Edna May Oliver.” By now, I can taste and smell New York.

Barbara describes herself as a twenty-year-old body with a thirty-year-old face, containing a personality

from way out there someplace. All in all, she's a born character actress. The past? She still remembers her first school writing tablet—you know, the kind with the Hollywood Star on the cover. You think she chose one of the then current schoolgirl crushes, Errol Flynn or Tyrone Power? Get serious! Okay, what about one of those wish-I-wases, Hedy Lamar or Jean Harlow? Come on! Our lady had it firmly in hand even at that tender age . . . Marie Dressler! That's the one!

Bits and pieces of color and light that shape the lady:

. . . A close-knit farm family in Tennessee, with her as an only child; and parents whom she loves . . . really loves . . . ones that gave her this undefinable resilience.

. . . A love and belief in regional theatre . . . she's been involved with it in Memphis for years where her performances ranged from *Medea* to *Mame*; all of which prepared her for and led her to New York for Julius Monk's *Plaza 9*.

. . . Incredible real talent that's kept her there . . . all the way from *Nightwatch* with Joan Hackett, through *Jimmy Shine* with Dustin Hoffman and *And Miss Reidon Drinks a Little* with Julie Harris, up to her current smash hit, *Oh, Coward*.

Now, after nearly two years in the role, she is repeating it at the Ivar Theatre with the other members of the New York cast. Incredible. *Oh, Coward* is Barbara Cason's two hundred and first play and she's finally playing Los Angeles. She smiles about the theatre: “It's so crazy.”

She has a wistful bit of conjecture on the imminent and sadly premature closing of the Los Angeles production: “My agent told me long ago and I've never forgotten it, ‘Remember for every closing there's an opening.’ And it's true. It's something like learning.”

She's aware that there is a real and inherent difference in the responses of New Yorkers and Southern Californians. “Here in Southern California you're striking out on your own in so many different ways. I certainly wouldn't downgrade you for this searching quality. In fact, I won't downgrade anything. I have no time for the ‘downies!’”



I suggested that I thought it was sad that our local gay audiences didn't respond, and help keep the revue running longer; but Barbara didn't have time for that "downie" either. She's fully aware of the theatre's gay audience, especially for such an "in" piece as the Coward show. Does she relate? "Hell, yes. Theatre in New York is practically kept alive by the gay and the Jewish audience, both of whom are vitally concerned with contributing to the Arts." And happily, healthily in her ordered mind all those people out there are just that—People. The only ones she has no use for—gay or straight—are the uninvolved. "If I have one word for the world, it's Participate!" No one should give a damn what you do behind closed doors. It's just not their business." And all of this is snapped out with a flash of light from behind those giant eyes.

Her feeling for Coward and the play are quite evident. There's a spot in the show that says, "Life needn't be grey." This is what she believes. This is what she does. It's all a matter of how you see it. It's like when being stopped on the street to be congratulated by apologizing fans:

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to bother you . . ."
with her quickly responding:

"You're not bothering me. If you don't tell me, how will I know?"

It's like when being interviewed:

"You just don't know how seldom people just walk up to you and ask you what you think. My God, what a marvelous opportunity!"

We don't linger too long on the *Oh, Coward* closing for Now is Barbara's real element. "I believe in now, not yesterday, and certainly not tomorrow." The play is closing and there is a new Now for Ms. Cason. It's back to television and *The New Temperature's Rising* starring Paul Lynde. A rave review in the *Los Angeles Times* describes her funny, crisp, efficient Head of Admitting as being perfectly willing to let you bleed to death while she fills out her endless forms. Barbara loves the part, and the show, and most especially her co-star, "who in every sense is a Professional." What irks her is that feeling most everyone, even inner-industry, has about comedians when compared to a dramatic performer. It's a kind of downgrading, "Anyone can give that kind of all-stops-out performance. It's like public masturbation. Baby, I can float for three months on that kind of heavy dramatic number. You can let it all out and then go out for steak and the works! But comedy, like in Coward, is control. Each piece, each bit is polished and perfected and honed. Comedians are the world's most serious people—like dear, dear Paul."

Now our dear, funny lady gets serious too: "I can't really talk my acting, my performances. I just DO





Barbara Cason talks to the little man in the Ty-D-Bol commercial (Tatham-Laird & Kudner—top of opposite page). Barbara argues with Tony LaBianco during a tense moment in *THE HONEYMOON KILLERS* (Cinerama Releasing—center on opposite page). A reception and a perfect time for Ms. Cason to have a cigarette in *COLD TURKEY* (United Artists—bottom of opposite page). In *OH COWARD!* with Roderick Cook, Barbara enacts one of Noel Coward's finest little vignettes, "Three White Feathers" (Bill Watters; Friedman-Abeles—above left). The glamorous Barbara Cason in her official publicity photograph reveals a side of the lady which is not too often called upon in the roles we see her perform (above). As Paul Lynne (Dr. Mercy—left) and Sudie Bond (his mother—right) prepare to face another comedy calamity, Barbara Cason gives Jennifer Darling (Nurse Winchester) a little instruction in *THE NEW TEMPERATURES RISING* (ABC—left).



them. I don't know HOW. No one wants to hear that kind of 'acty' crap anyway. I know it bores the bejesus out of me."

"Actors? What are they really? Nerve ends . . . just nerve ends. Yeah, that's it."

"The first things actors need—MUST HAVE—are security in themselves and nerves. And the ability to accept the insecurity of the business. In the theatre especially, insecurity is the first lesson. And you learn. And if you can't deal with it, GET OUT!"

"Should all actors be neurotic messes? NOT SO! Look at me, I'm a perfectly happy woman. I love my parents. I love my husband. And I adore my work. Can you imagine, getting paid to do something you love?"

"Look, open a door for me, any door. Right there I'll be, saying, 'HI THERE, I'm Barbara Cason—only make sure you spell the name right!'"

Still she is aware of the limits of theatre, ruefully admitting that if the producers of the new series had first seen the play, she probably wouldn't have gotten the part. It's true. Casting directors in Hollywood are

like that—one of the many things here she finds scary as hell. What snagged the series for her was the side-splittingly funny telephone call scene she did in *Cold Turkey*, a very funny, highly underrated, poorly attended little film. I admit that I had trouble relating to it, but I was trying to give up smoking at the time—unsuccessfully. It is one of the two films Ms. Cason has made to date. The other is a little crackerjack thriller, a minor classic, hunted out by film buffs, *The Honeymoon Killers*—strictly raw terror served straight up, no chaser, and absolutely terrifying. Barbara will be remembered as the one-that-got-away.

It's late; our half hour has run to three; my "New York" lady must make a performance; and we must bring this to a quick halt. She pauses briefly. "Wow . . . it's so scary here in Hollywood, and there are things I want to do—to accomplish, but plans are so . . . I just don't know. . . ." She doesn't have to know. Not now. I do know. Shortly, soon, someone will be opening another door, and she'll be right there, stepping through it, saying: "HI THERE."



politics

DECISION



Then the first thing will be to establish a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors receive any tale of fiction which is good, and reject the bad; and we will desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorized ones only. . . . The doings of Kronos, and the sufferings which in turn his son afflicted upon him, ought certainly not to be told to young and thoughtless persons; if possible they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necessity for their mention, a chosen few might hear them in a mystery. . . .

—Plato, *The Republic*

N '73: *ad nauseam*

by Donald Warman
drawing by George Holimon

The true censor has objectives beyond the masking of the erotic and the indecent. The end in view is an established principle of suppression, available anywhere in the world of the mind.

—Charles Rembar, *The End of Obscenity*

A curious World War II espionage plan, one never carried out, was credited to—or blamed on—General William J. “Wild Bill” Donovan. That imaginative, flamboyant Wall Street lawyer ran a free-wheeling covert spy operation for the Pentagon under the ambivalent title, “Office of Strategic Services.” Donovan collected an oddball set of notions which remained military secrets until 1972, by which time it was deemed okay to let some of them leak out.

One, which wildly amused President Roosevelt and infuriated Prime Minister Churchill, set forth that Nazi Germany’s defeat could be hastened by the bombardment of Hitler’s wartime headquarters with enormous quantities of German pornography. Donovan, without revealing where he got the idea, was convinced that Hitler, Europe’s outstanding foe of pornography, was in fact enthralled with it to the point that he would be into “paroxysms of madness” by having some hot examples dropped into his lap.

Like many another facet of “Wild Bill” Donovan’s maverick mentality, the “filth bombs” idea had a solid psychological basis. The OSS had commissioned a Harvard psychiatrist to draw up what today would be called a psychiatric profile of the Nazi leader based on his published writings and speeches and on the adroitly intertwined recollections of people who had known Hitler’s obsessions with blood and excrement at first-hand. The psychiatrist, Dr. Walter Langer, concluded (accurately, as was later confirmed) that Hitler’s favorite perversion was to be urinated and defecated upon by voluptuous Aryan women. Langer didn’t suggest how to put this secret to work against Germany. If Donovan, who was fascinated by the evident tie between super-perversion and super-morality, thought of turning Germany into one huge outhouse, he apparently never figured how to implement the notion. However, the “filth bombs” strategy was entertained in high Washington and London circles until the Army Air Corps liaison man assigned to the project decided that Donovan and his associates were “a bunch of maniacs.”

Unfortunately, that most diverting of wartime dirty tricks died right there. Dr. Langer, for one, remained convinced that “filth bombs” *as a weapon*

against a regime which was paranoid to begin with was worth a solid try.

From Donovan’s “bunch of maniacs” to the United States Supreme Court of 1973 is perhaps a far-fetched combination of ideas and obsessions. But it has not gone unnoticed that the connection is there, and not far beneath the surface, either. The common denominator is that the most repressive regimes in modern history have been those which most frantically demand rigid postures of sexual morality.

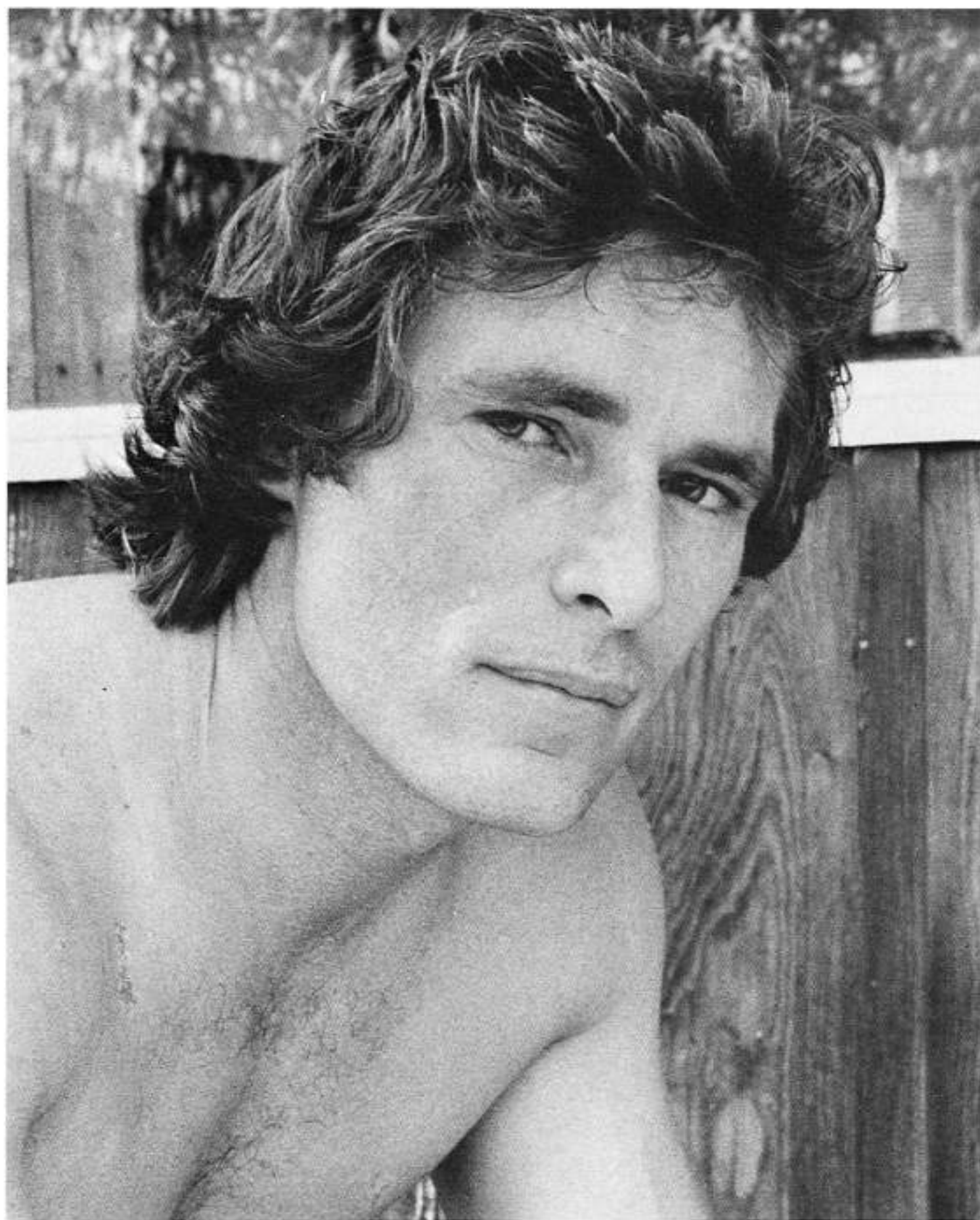
Charles Rembar, the renowned free speech lawyer who championed *Lady Chatterley*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Fanny Hill* into legitimacy and open public circulation, built his enormous reputation on arguments around a central theme: that censorship of controversial sexual material is in fact not aimed at sexual material itself but against the principle that anybody is free to write and publish anything which has a market, however kinky the consumer of it may be. Rembar, who is no fan of obscenity *per se*, was aware that opening the door to Henry Miller inevitably meant allowing a foothold for such numbers as *Sex Orgies Illustrated*, the latter of which led to *Marvin Miller v. California*, which in turn culminated—for the foreseeable future, anyway—in the Supreme Court ruling of midsummer 1973. In the labyrinthine processes of American justice, Henry Miller and Marvin Miller went out the door again.

So did a hapless Washington, D.C., pornographer named Dr. Lynn Womack, a onetime professor (of philosophy) at George Washington University who twice won Supreme Court vindication of his gay photographic publications like *Grecian Guild Studio Quarterly* and *MANual* partially on an argument tied into Justice William J. Brennan’s landmark 1957 finding as to what pornography is *not*. Brennan’s wording was, of course, that “. . . All ideas having even the slightest redeeming social importance—unorthodox ideas, controversial ideas, even ideas hateful to the prevailing climate of opinion—have the full protection of the guarantees (of free speech and the free press). . . . But implicit in the history of the First Amendment is the rejection of obscenity as utterly without redeeming social importance.”

In 1971, Dr. Womack was convicted of causing obscene publications to be distributed in public and across state lines. The Womack publications which were in trouble in that case were no-holds-barred photographic items with such unabashed titles as *Auto-*

Continued on Page 48

community leader



FRED HALSTED

Plays Himself

by David Minton

Photography by Richard Sullivan

Fred Halsted: vegetarian for the past six years, native Californian, non-smoker, light drinker, hardcore pornographic filmmaker, landscaper, painter, "fag-ass faggot" (liberated homosexual). That's the way he describes himself—in that order. No matter what language he uses or what subject he talks about, he's the kind of person who dispels all sense of outrage. The very same words from almost anyone else would repulse many a good soul, but when you hear Fred talk this doesn't happen. It's his presence, his charisma, that does the trick. If in the following the use of some of his language turns you off, try looking closely at one of his photos, into his face, and imagine a strong but restrained, calm voice.

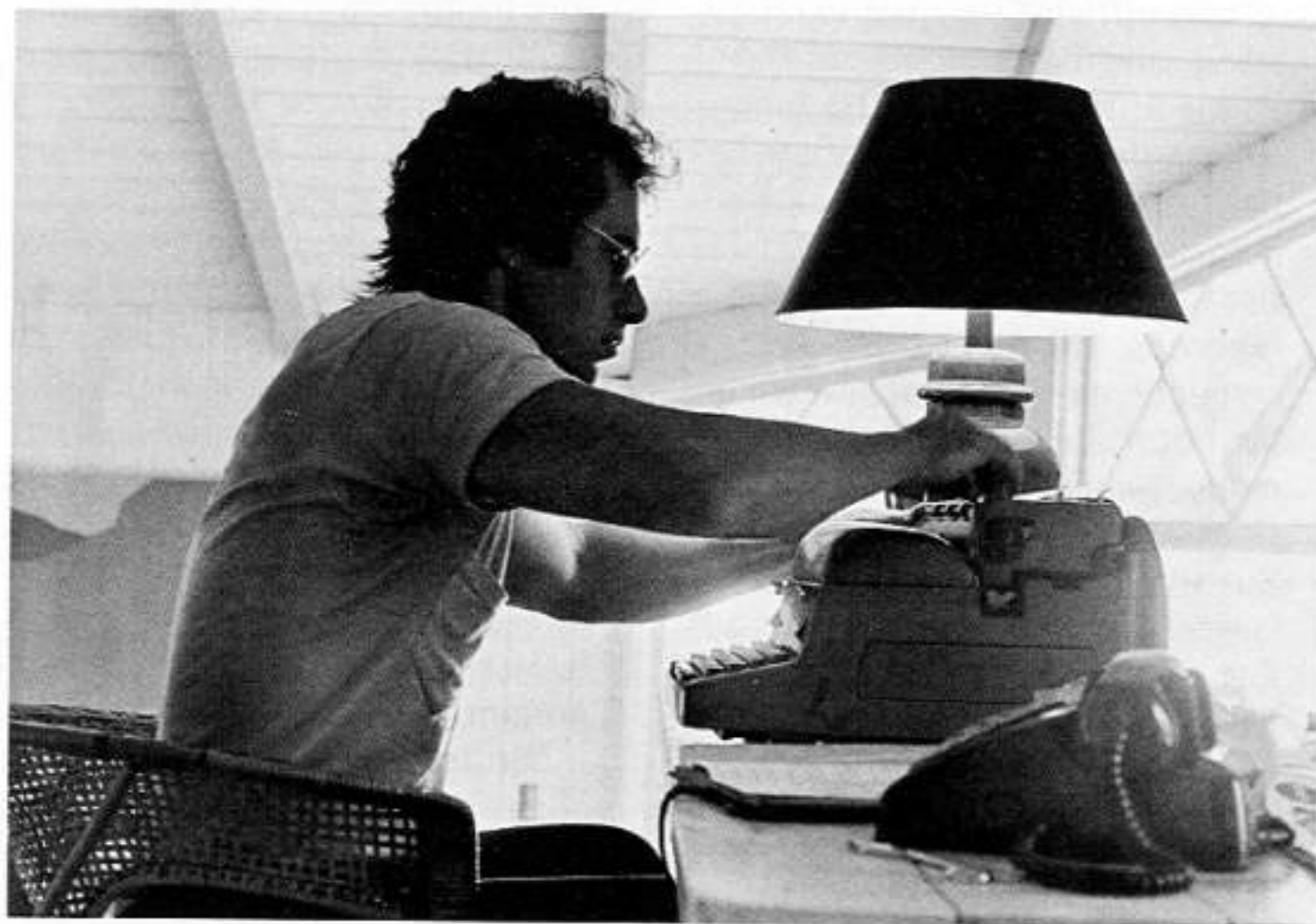
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"Fag-ass faggots are creating a new renaissance," says Fred, referring to all liberated homosexuals as "fag-ass faggots." He stoutly believes that the first wild waves of a sexual renaissance, in which "anyone can get as much as he wants," are crashing upon us and he is overjoyed at the prospect of playing in its surf. He has a keen faith that "gender-fuck" rock stars are now supporting the breakthroughs that "outrageous queens" have made. (The fact that musicians are now its leaders should make it much like the black renaissance of the twenties, but the fact that it deals in sexual liberation should make it more pervasive than the jazz age.)

Fred sees this renaissance not only in the change of sexual attitudes in general but in very specific terms.

"Leather-feather-trucker queens have liberated small areas and the streets of a few towns, but fag-glitter rock is spreading the message of 'gender-fuck' to the largest audience in the history of the world."

Fred is a real gas to rap with.



Sometimes it is a little hard to get him to talk but once you get him started his interests go from his crafts, to aesthetics, to politics, to sex, and you name it. He is very opinionated.

Fred makes all visitors feel immediately at home. His eyes meet yours as if he already knows you. On my first visit, sitting in his airy Mediterranean front room looking out over the city from the Hollywood Hills, I remember, particularly, the singing of birds that fills the air about his house. It was not like being in the middle of the city at all. I was to find out later that Fred prides himself on his landscaping and that the grounds around his house are carefully arranged to attract the birds.

Fred was a gardener before he was a filmmaker. In the summer of '69 he found himself meditating at Daisen-In, in Kyoto, Japan. It seems that is where he developed the intensity of his calm nature. He returned from Japan with *L.A. Plays Itself* in his head. The next few years were spent producing the film, which he wrote, directed, acted in, shot parts of, edited, and promoted. It became a landmark success. Many people are curious about

Fred's instant success in the harsh world of art-sex-business. That the film world is filled with crushed and broken lives is legendary. Like any other sensitive artist Fred has been hurt but his scars are wisely interlaced with the other elements of his mystique. He is thereby all the stronger.

"I had to be ripped-off several times before I realized naivete can play negative roles."

When Fred was a little boy he supplemented the meager family income by picking apricots. Sometimes while he was up in the tree some punks would come along and steal his box. That was perhaps the first of several episodes that found Fred up a tree with his box ripped-off. He has since wised up to his own naivete. He's a big boy now.

"You only compete with yourself. The main thing is to bite the bullet and continue on, no matter what happens. If you stop, you're dead . . . over!"

Fred considers film the truest form of free enterprise in the world today and he is "happy to get into the scrap."

One evening at a party at Fred's house I first found out how interested he is in this whole "punk-

rock, glitter-rock, deca-rock" matter. I was curious why. Fred explained it this way:

"Bisexual rock stars and fag-ass faggots are leading an electric wave that is part of a renewal soon to see wild boys running naked through the streets, like free spirits, while heterosexuals remain as breeders in service to the advanced computerized world."

It is perhaps the business of the artist to turn fantasy into reality. At any rate this is Halsted's view



of the world and, whether it be fancy or perversion, he is clearly excited by the vision. His sturdy charisma seems to be able to afford him the privacy to have such dreams. They are visions based on observations that, if not true, at least come together with enough energy to transform a fancy into a persuasion and a perversion into an element of mystique.

Fred is a filmmaker, so why so much noise about music stars, anyway? Fred feels that few, if any, young people go to "X" rated films but that even adolescents can freely buy Lou Reed's smash hit song, "Walk on the Wild Side," at any record rack. He becomes increasingly ecstatic when talking about David Bowie, and he is ready to fight to defend him.

"Bowie's 'Let's Spend the Night Together' is an openly gay invitation to ball."

It is difficult for Fred to understand all the attacks on David Bowie in the gay press. He cannot believe that so many Gays are uptight about the glitter rock phenomenon, unless Joan Baez was right in feeling that Gays have a tendency to attack bisexuals. It certainly has been cold water on his hot visions of a world of harmony, where all sexual persuasions can live happily together. But it goes up in steam as he laughs aloud, "Fag-ass faggots are just now shooting into view. You haven't seen anything yet. The flagrant queen has had to carry the brunt, while gay politicians have come up from behind, legalizing everything the fag on the street has already made *de facto*; meanwhile, glitter-rock queens are forging on to *new* freedoms."

Fred is not the least bothered by the exploitation of the gay cul-

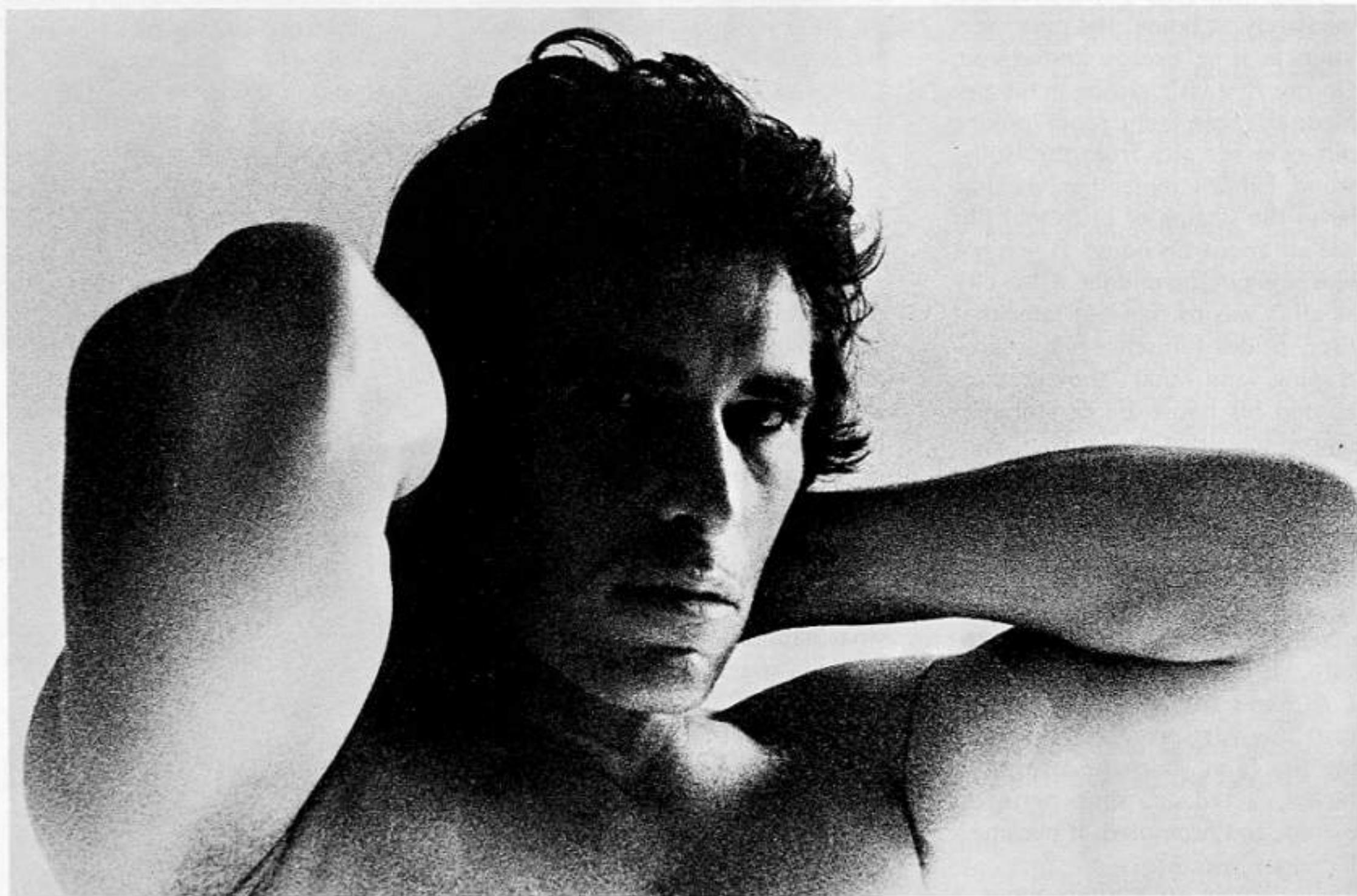
ture by straight rock stars.

"It isn't important if the 'pseudo-fags' suck cock or not. What is important is that they are obliterating gender rules."

This certainly would seem to put Fred at odds with most leather, Levi, and machismo Gays, but Fred is quick to make the distinction between gender *rules* and gender *roles*, liberated people being able to play whatever role suits them and not living under enforced gender rules. This is why he feels the glitter-rock scene is important.

"It is best that kids find out about alternate means of having sex before getting locked into patterns that might not fit."

Does Fred feel that Bowie, Lou Reed, the New York Dolls, Iggy, Bolan, *et al.*, are really spreading a message of sexual freedom and that they are really giving informa-



tion about alternate means of sex to this next upcoming generation?

"I know what I see. I saw David Bowie's concert here and it reminded me of the first L.A. Love-In in '67. At that Love-In there were a few real longhair freaks but mostly there were shorthairs wearing a few beads and they were all staring with envy at the long hair. The mob at the David Bowie concert was mostly longhairs, and they were watching these outrageous glitter-sequined queens the same way they had watched the longhairs back when they all had short hair. The shorthairs with the beads *then* are now the longhairs, and they are eying all the mascara and gold."

Fred is excited by the fag-rock scene but he is just as interested in talking about film, or sex, or business. He sees his first film, *L.A. Plays Itself*, as his "confessional yin and yang." Half of the film takes place in a garden paradise as a gentle love scene slowly blossoms on the screen into a bouquet of the purist erotic imagery. The other half candidly observes the cruising of a sadist through a harsh, hot jungle of asphalt. The cruel and impersonal sex the sadist performs is revealed in a highly suspenseful style that slowly becomes more sensual and erotic.

Just from casual conversation over tea (Fred does not drink coffee), or from watching Fred roll around with his dog, or from looking around the house at his paintings it would seem that Fred Halsted has found a reasonable balance in his life and he is happy with it. Talking with him about what he believes, and noting his manner, and discovering his achievements and current activities it is easy to say that his philosophy, his attitude, and the fruits of his labors, all seem to be in harmonious accord. But, listening back over the tapes of his interviews there is something that eludes me. His answers to my

questions always seemed to take a direction of their own somehow. I have been intellectually tortured trying to restructure the line of questioning; although I must admit I have enjoyed the workout!

Of course it is easy to see that it was more than just the direction of his answers that eluded me. Look at his photos and into his face; once more try to imagine the strong but restrained, calm voice.

That night of the party at Fred's house a friend was trying to pin down Fred's open sadism:

"Everyone knows the old joke about the masochist who pleads with the sadist, 'Beat me, beat me.' And the sadist who cruelly says 'No!'"

Fred says that he is never so cruel and always willing to oblige.

The question then arose, "Is the ultimate pleasure of a sadist to hurt someone that doesn't want to be hurt or to oblige someone that wants to be?"

Fred does not want to be concerned with what the masochist is thinking. "Put a leather mask over their face; then you can really get them thinking."

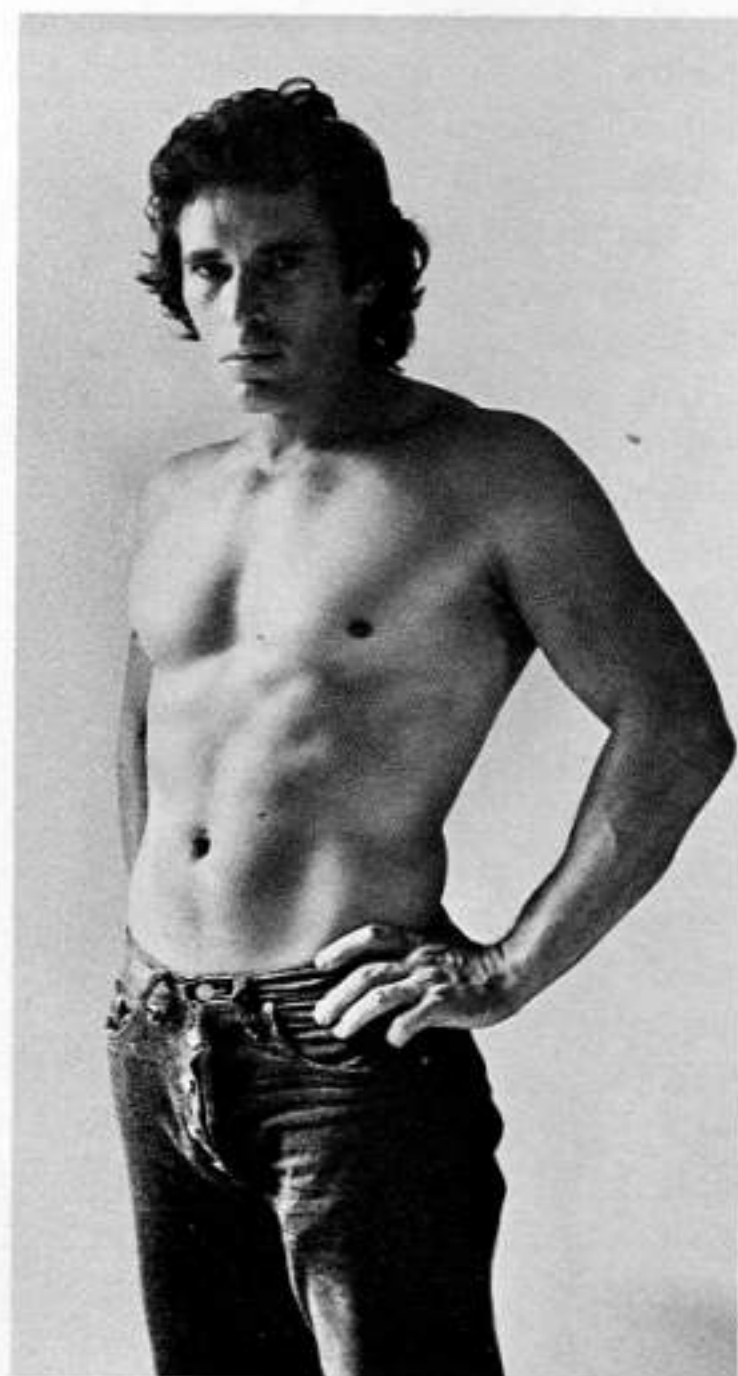
Does the way they respond matter at all?

"Of course in the long run it does, but the effect it has on me is different than most people would think."

How does he choose his tricks?

"I cruise around the bars until I see the eyes. They say everything I need to know. I never pick people by their looks. I like them *CRAZY*."

As Fred talks, his manner becomes more and more intense and yet this does not make him any less calm. He is always capable of becoming energetic without seeming any less mellow. Anyone would be charmed by his enigmatic charisma. As easy as it is to be charmed it is much more fascinating to watch his natural style grow into a wisely woven mystique that is neither pure image nor mere



innocent honesty.

How does he get into his sadism? Does he snap into it, or just *how* does it come about?

Fred laughs and then muffles it in humility, "No, it's always there."

Does he just sort of cover it up? Is it towards everybody?

"Yes, everybody. I feel it all the time, towards everybody."

Then, he hasn't specialized in any one routine?

Fred answers quickly, holding tight the reigns of conversation. There is an excitement in his voice, a gleam in his eye, and he seems willful and glad to be understood. "Yes . . . I try to fit the situation. POWER! . . . TOTAL POWER . . . to reduce people to their proper state. . . . Most sex-tools [tricks] I've turned out of the house. They start to panic as they realize their fantasies with me. They can't handle it, not in the flesh. Most of these tricks I've had I've let loose early. I throw them out and laugh at their fleeing asses. The ones that stayed, they were GOOD."

One afternoon I got Fred talking further about his career. "Phase one is over. I've achieved my initial goals. Now I'm going to

bring out the big guns."

And what is that?

"SEXTOOL, my new film, is going to be definitive . . . and *slick*. I've been working on it for six months. It'll be released in September of '74. . . . It's funny how people ask me how to make films. It's simple; just *do it*."

Fred always talked easily about his films but he never said much about his paintings. They are beautiful, like harmonious, pearly, and tender landscapes of subtle earthen-colored forms. The colors are sad and somber, dull, dark, and grays, muted yet glowing. They are mostly grave while their soft textures make them light. While his earlier paintings are not as peaceful and perhaps a little too charming they are clearly part of his evolution as a painter. What he paints now swirls slowly around your soul like the low song of the wild doves that live in his trees.

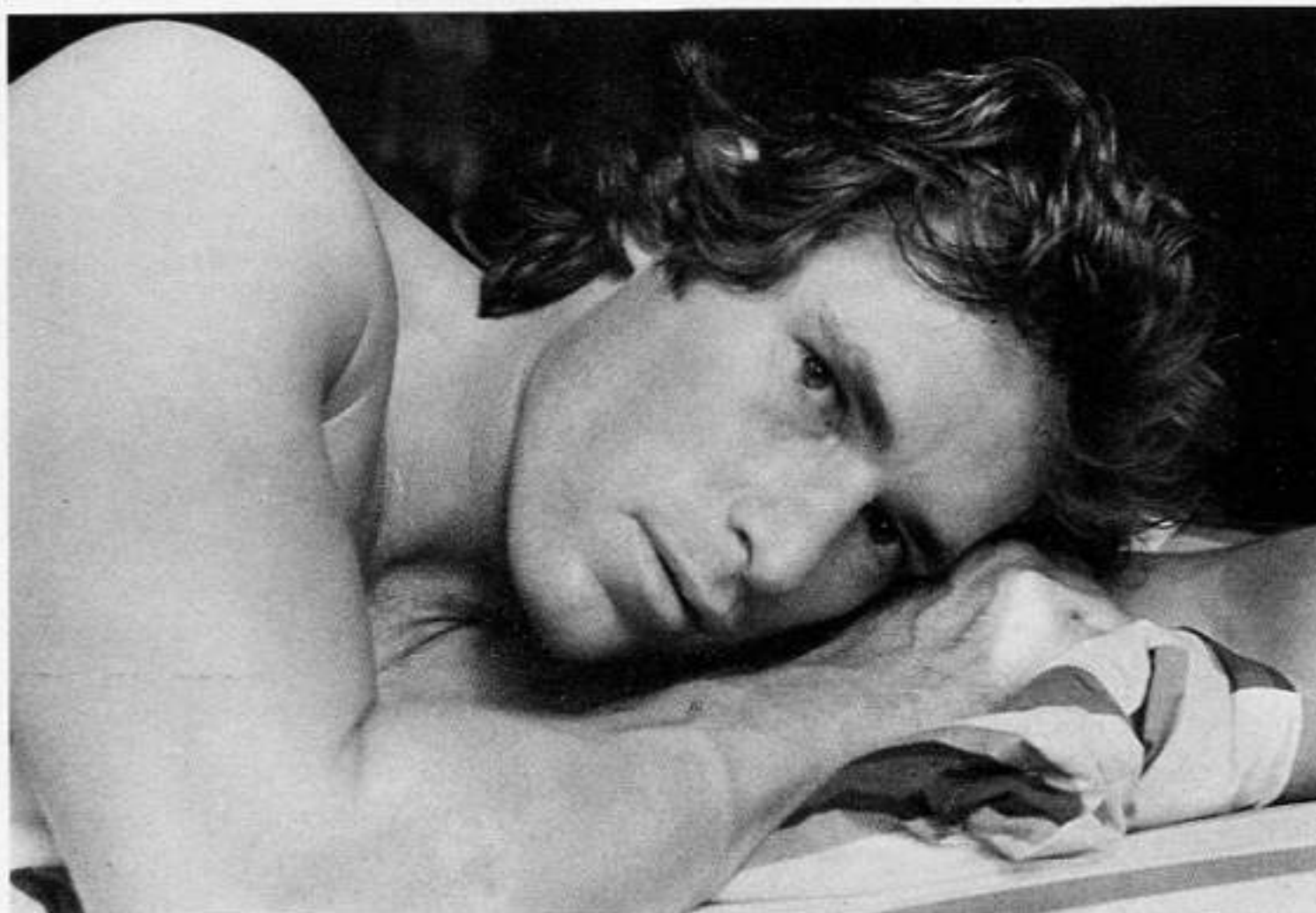
I had become curious which art form Fred enjoyed working in the most. One afternoon as we were casually stumbling through a half-hearted conversation, this curiosity popped up, "Do you consider film *the art form*?" I asked with a tone of challenge in my voice that woke us both up.

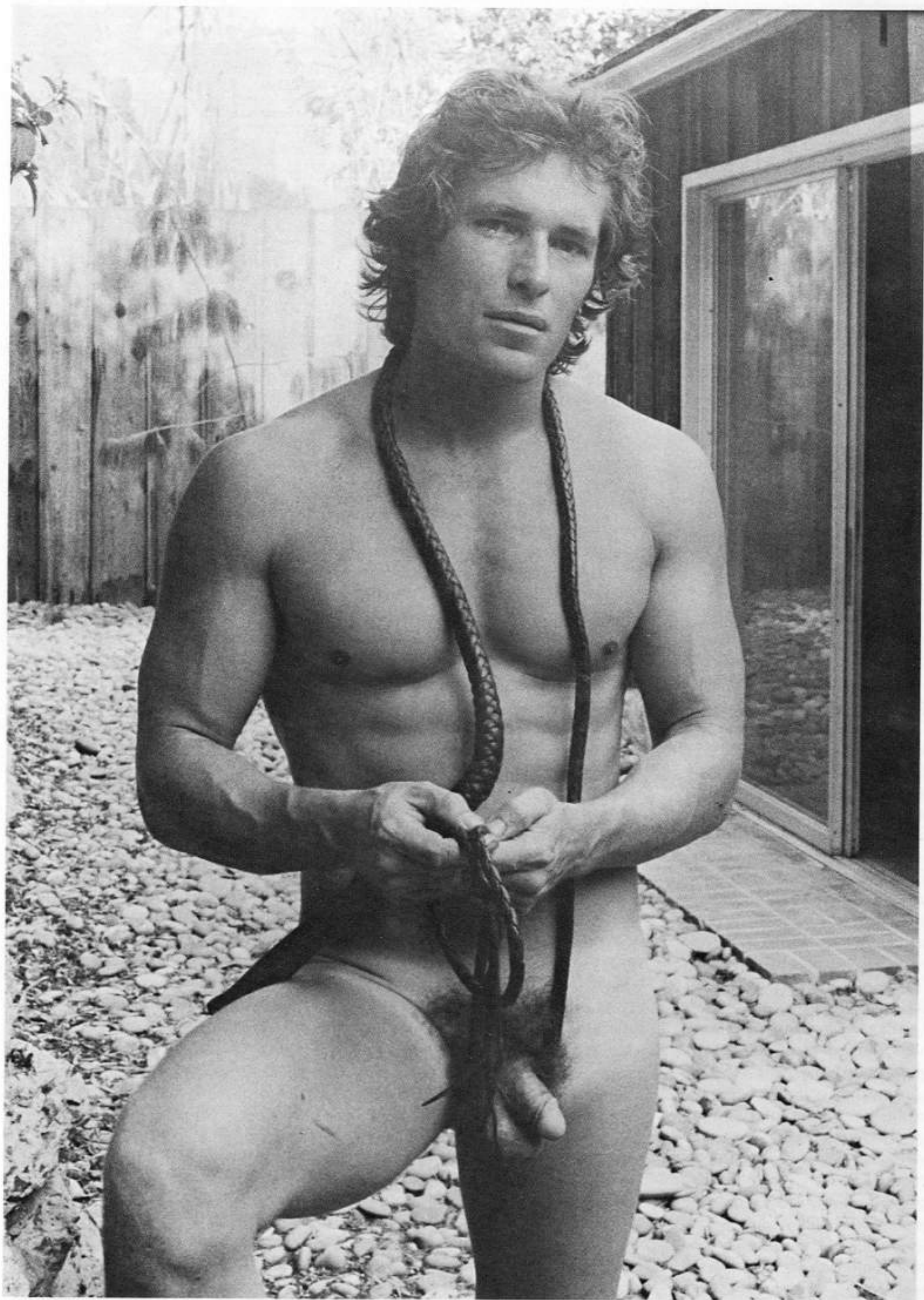
He was quick and certain, "SEX is *the art form* . . . then landscaping, and then film, painting, and all the other ways of creating. . . ."

Later we were talking about audiences, and then about his audience, "What do you think about the people who find your films disgusting and outrageous?"

Without giving it a moment's thought he said, "They don't. . . . It isn't my films that repulse them; it is the content, the subject matter. Some things I show certainly are outrageous; but then, those things do happen in reality. Those people could probably enjoy a lot more if they allowed themselves to be entertained."

"*L.A. Plays Itself* and *Sex Garage* are the only hardcore movies in the Film Collection of the Museum of Modern Art. After seeing *L.A. Plays Itself*, Salvador Dali kept saying over and over, 'New information for me,' and William Burroughs said that it 'breaks all the stereotypes.' I feel that these two artists certainly are outrageous too, certainly many people felt that Burroughs was disgusting with *Naked Lunch*. I'm proud of my work. The best is yet to come."





In Touch with books



Many reviewers condescended to treat Tom Tryon's second novel (I've not read his first, *The Other*) in the manner of the late Jayne Mansfield's piano accomplishments: wondering not that she played well, but that she could do it at all. Tryon's earlier acting career has inspired the snobbish to treat his gothic novels lightly—some singularly stupid reviews resulting.

But *Harvest Home* (Knopf, \$7.95, 402 pp.), which takes its title from the borrowed pagan hymn, "Come Ye Thankful People Come," proves Tryon a novelist of skill and depth. It is craftsmanly, engrossing, chilling, a tale rich in character and color.

Artist Theodore Constantine, tired of city life, joins the great back-to-the-land movement, transplanting his dully ideal wife and an asthmatic daughter to Cornwell Coombe, an isolated, seemingly idyllic New England village which seems to possess all the antique rustic charm Ted yearns for. Slowly, the natives' clannishness breaks down enough to haltingly admit the Constantines to the strangely ominous life of this agricultural community with its anachronistic seasonal festivals.

Beneath a Christian veneer Ted too slowly perceives the villagers' jealously guarded worship of the fertility of the land, "old ways" brought from Cornwall and dating back to ancient Greece and beyond.

Trying to understand certain unexplained deaths, Ted is caught between the adjustment problems of his own family and the amazingly appealing and enigmatic crone, the Widow Fortune, the rebellious handyman, young Worthy Penninger, Jack Stump, a meddling pedlar, his genteel but blind neighbor, Professor Robert Dodd, whose phonograph plays interminable Dickens readings (an inadequate Tiresias), the seductive post-

mistress, Tamar Penrose and her frightening idiot child. Readers familiar with Euripides' *Bacchae*, Renault's *King Must Die*, Jackson's *Lottery* or Mitcheson's virtually unobtainable *Corn King and the Spring Queen* may slightly fault the novel's slow movement toward its final, inevitable horror. Other readers are less likely to guess the outcome.

The view that a universal, earth-worshipping matriarchy preceded the rise of patriarchal government and its sky gods (Jehovah, Jove, Thor) is currently out of favor (see Frazer's *Golden Bough*, Briffault's *Mothers*, Weston's *Ritual and Romance* and Graves' *White Goddess*), but is of utmost importance in understanding the deep roots of homophobia in Western society; for androgynes were everywhere considered servants of the Great Mother—a point which is unhappily missing from Tryon's novel.

Unless one reads between the lines an implication of erotic attraction between Ted and cock-of-the-walk Justin Hooke, or Justin's designated but unwilling successor as Harvest Lord, young Worthy, or else assumes that the novel's overall foreboding view of women is characteristic of male homosexuals, *Harvest Home* displays a limited heterosexual point of view inappropriate to the situation—its sole important defect. Nonetheless, I think that Gays who aren't turned off by the macabre will find this a telling and exciting story.

Some gynophobia is also expressed in *Comrade Loves of the Samurai* (Tuttle, \$2.50, 135 pp.) by 17th Century Japanese novelist Saikaku Ihara, who elsewhere writes most intimately of women. Saikaku, an Osaka merchant turned poet turned novelist in the Tokugawa era recorded the mores of a Japan fast shifting from feudalism to mercantilism. His amazing stories—ribald, delicate,

open—open-eyed and marvelously economic—mark him as one of the world's keenest observers of society of his day.

He describes misers, bustling businessmen, most unspiritual priests, courtesans and errant wives, cuckolds and Don Juans, and, above all, male lovers. Not only is homosexuality in no sense taboo in Saikaku's Japan, but the following opinion seems typical of his time:

"Male love is essentially different from the ordinary love of a man and a woman; and that is why the Prince, even when he has married a beautiful Princess, cannot forget his page. Woman is a creature of absolutely no importance; but sincere pederastic love is true love. . . ." Saikaku often uses the term "boy love," but generally referring to delicate youth in their late teens.

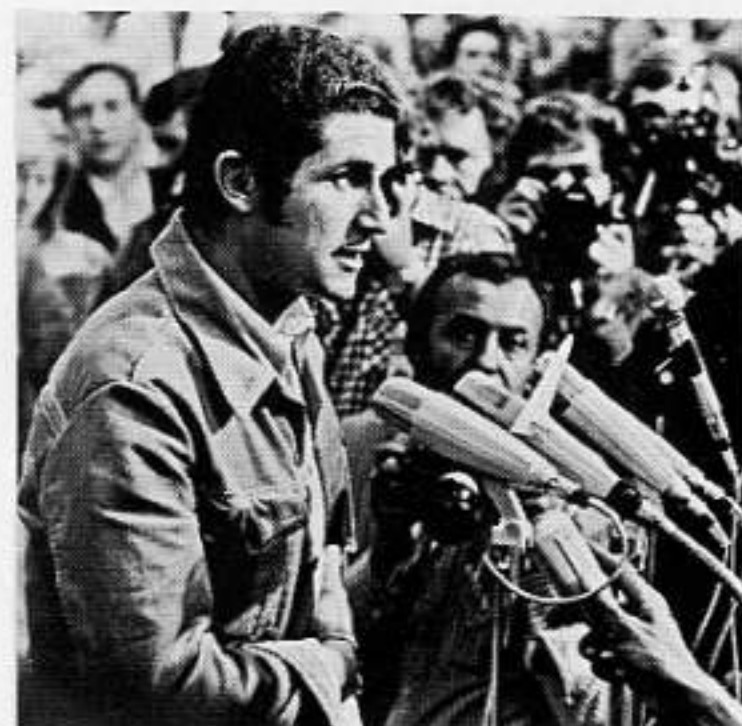
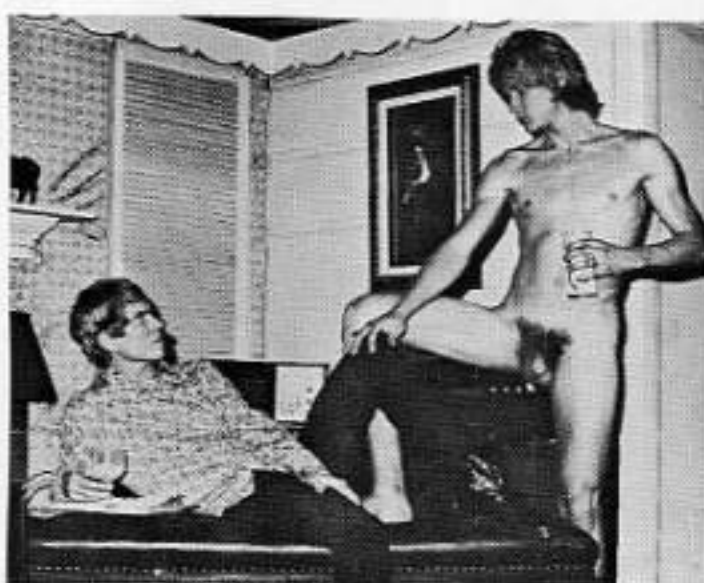
I first discovered Saikaku in the 1956 book *Five Women Who Loved Love*, also published by Tuttle, and was amazed by its scope and its delightful and unabashed gaiety. Of those tales of women frustrated in their search for love, none surpasses "Gengobei, Mountain of Love," which also appears in the handsome New Directions volume, *Life of an Amorous Woman*, a more het-oriented collection of Saikaku ribaldry. "Gengobei" tells how a desperate woman entices a confirmed boy-lover.

Saikaku's writings were in their day popular rather than courtly, so he has been taken seriously as a Japanese literary giant only recently. He first won fame by composing over 24,000 haiku-verse in one 24-hour period—an unmatched record. The plaintive, sometimes hilarious, always revealing tales of male lovers in this collection are mostly about samurai in a society where their usefulness has ended. Their loves are most often tragic. The collection is from

Continued on Page 54

IN TOUCH with films

Michael Moriarty (left) and Robert DeNiro discuss the harassment they are getting from the team in *BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY* (Paramount—above right). John Wintergreen (Robert Blake, right) argues with Coroner Batchek that the death of an old prospector should be investigated in *ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE* (United Artists—below left). Callboy Big John (Joey Daniels, right) is angered to discover that Lee Jones (David Allen) is more interested in his mind than in his body. In *THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW* (Jaques—below center). Czech Milos Forman, one of the eight film directors who filmed the Olympics, meets the press in *VISIONS OF EIGHT* (Cinema 5—below right).



Eight of the world's foremost motion picture directors were called together by David Wolper to create a film that is unique both in concept and technique against a backdrop of the 1972 Olympic events, the finest collection of beautiful bodies in the history of the world. The international group of directors includes Juri Ozerov (USSR), Mai Zetterling (Sweden), Arthur Penn (USA), Michael Pfleghar (Germany), Kon Ichikawa (Japan), Claude Lelouch (France), Milos Forman (Czechoslovakia), John Schlesinger (England).

If you are an admirer of the body this may be the most exciting film you have ever seen. If you are an athlete, then take a psychological, sociological, and artistic long hard look at yourself through the eyes of the masters.

Visions of Eight becomes a film about grace and about obsession, about pomp and about foolishness, about anticipation and about losing, about speed and about loneliness. It is an often beautiful and sometimes funny but persistently poignant film.

Bang the Drum Slowly, contrary to

what you may have heard, is not a sensitive tender story. It is a story that catches its characters in their most sensitive moment and reveals their tender side. Death is a most humbling thing even to the most shallow men and *Bang the Drum Slowly* is primarily a story of shallow men.

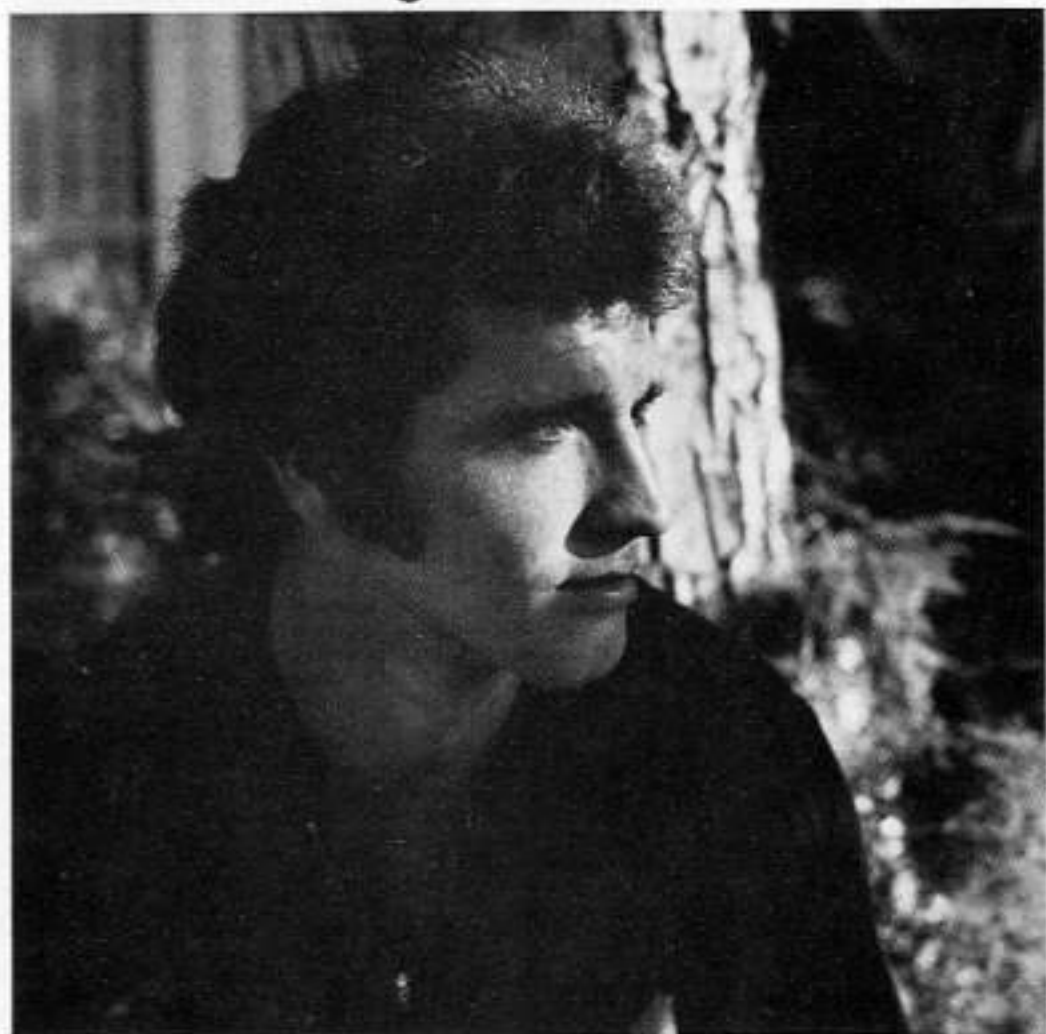
I hate baseball. I always have and I probably always will. What a dumb occupation! How a grown man can spend his time throwing and hitting and catching balls I'll never know. How he can do this in front of thousands of screaming and jumping fans I'll also never know. But, like war, the game goes on and human lives are caught up in it. Certainly, one would expect anyone in such a situation to be either pathetically dull-witted or vainly flashy. *Bang the Drum Slowly* is spun around the relationship of two men, one is a dull-witted catcher and the other, his "roomy," is a flashy star pitcher.

The relationship between these two men wasn't much to speak of and they pretty much had gone their own separate ways. Then something not all that

unusual happened. The dull-witted catcher finds out he is dying. Only his "roomy" knows. Dull-witted and "doomed" Bruce, with the wisdom of a country boy's instincts, wants no one else to know. Ace pitcher Henry Wiggins, Bruce's "roomy" and life insurance salesman, agrees to hold the secret. Inside of him it takes seed and slowly changes him and in turn their relationship. The sloppy affection of roommates is slapped into shape by the reality of Bruce's doom and there evolves a genuine loving friendship.

I have always found athletes to be a bunch of back-biting, evil bitches and this film justifies my belief. As the yarn is told, it becomes more and more apparent that a true and loving friendship cannot survive in such a bitchy atmosphere as we find in the locker rooms of Shea Stadium. To some this must be a sad reality. To the story-writer, Mark Harris, it must have been especially sad for it is quite apparent that he has a strong affection for all these clowns he parades before us.

Continued on Page 52



STEVE NETTLES

Here and Now



Steve . . . Steve Nettles . . . and Steve Nettles quickly!

A new found pacifism resting a touch uneasily over a psyche nurtured in the knock-hard and hard-knock.

A childhood — of sorts — shifting — relative to relative — uncaring, uncaringly . . .

Like unmeshed gears . . . grindingly.

His name — it begins with a hand softly caressing a cheek, then ends in skin prickly excitement.

A bout with the army: Army—100; Steve—0.

Relationships: Family, friends, lovers, co-workers . . . work, don't work, half work . . .

Withdraw —

On to now:

Somehow it all falls into place. The pacifism, no matter how uneasy, works . . . is real.

The hurt, all of it, turns inward, to be returned outward in light, never savage, self-depreciative humor.

What Steve is . . . is:

A constantly full ashtray — everpresent cigarette following ever-present cigarette.

A constantly empty coffee cup — its contents disappearing

And — hard memories (cuts, bruises, stitches) now gone with prime avoidance.

You still can't help feeling that Scrapper lurks somewhere just below his surface.

But, with such avoidance, comes — a bit sadly — Disinvolvement.

And his everpresent question:

"I wonder, is it really better not to feel, and not to get involved, or to go ahead and get involved, then hurt, and get hurt? I wonder?"

And questions and more questions. That need to know.

But not answers, never answers. Even his statements are only half-statements . . . unfinished . . . But no answers.

To what end? Protection?

Never answers.

And lots and lots of jumbles of color and car rides and coffee and words and cigarettes:

"Waking up out of smokes, or worse NO MATCHES . . . that's really rotten!"

Or one wild year in the glittery gritty world of Drag Queens, as a room-mate, escort, whatever. Perfect noninvolvement. . . being a quiet solid background for the flash.

That too can be too dull, even for the cool uninvolved:

"I lived with drag queens until it became a drag."

And there's that intuned humor, working once again.

Imagine a wit growing up in a world of half-wits.

at an alarming rate . . . by the gallon.

There they sit, these Gemini twins of Steve

Coffee cup and ashtray

Everpresent — RIGHT THERE!

Steve goes out;

An uncrowded cafe, close to home . . .

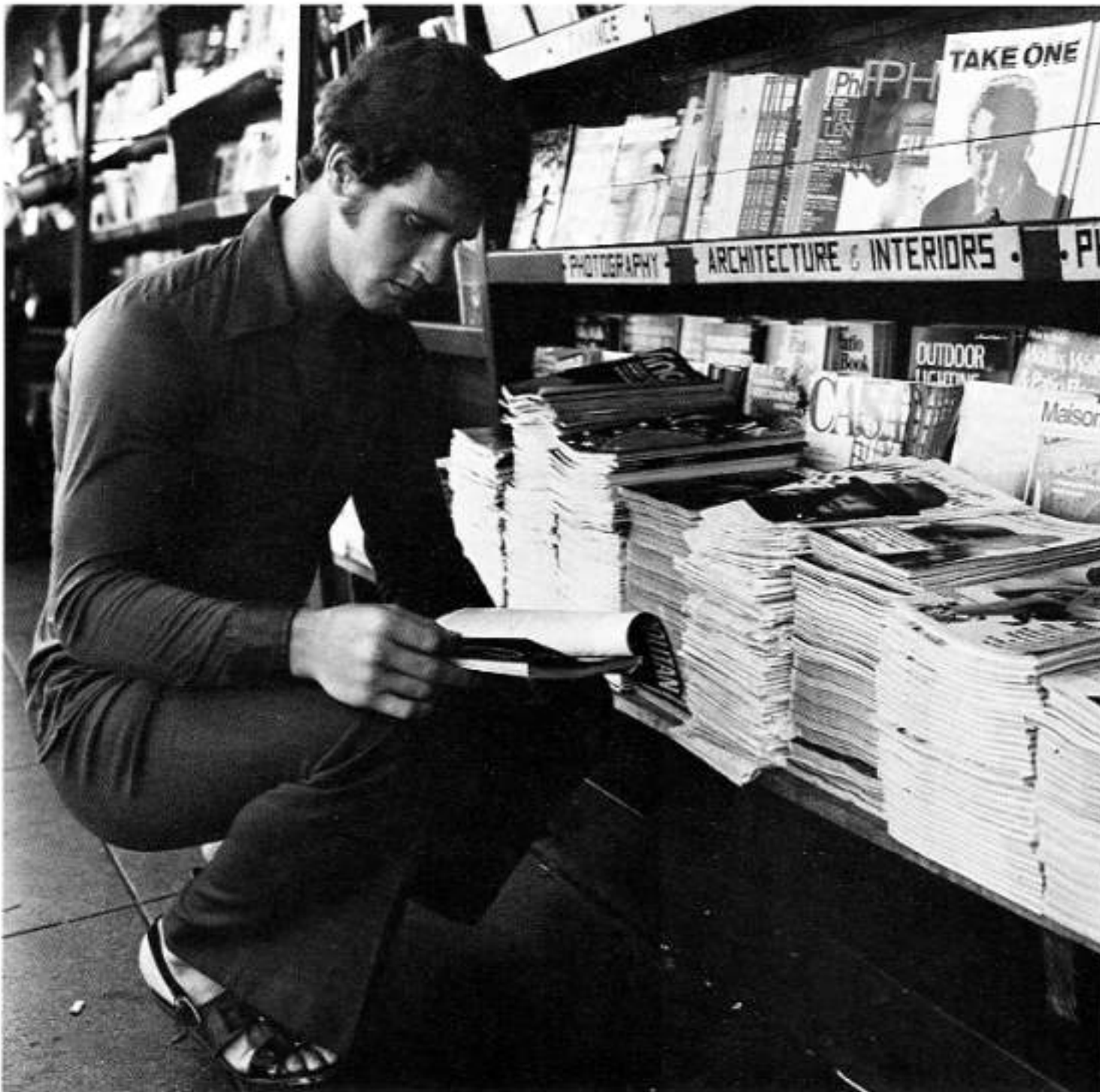
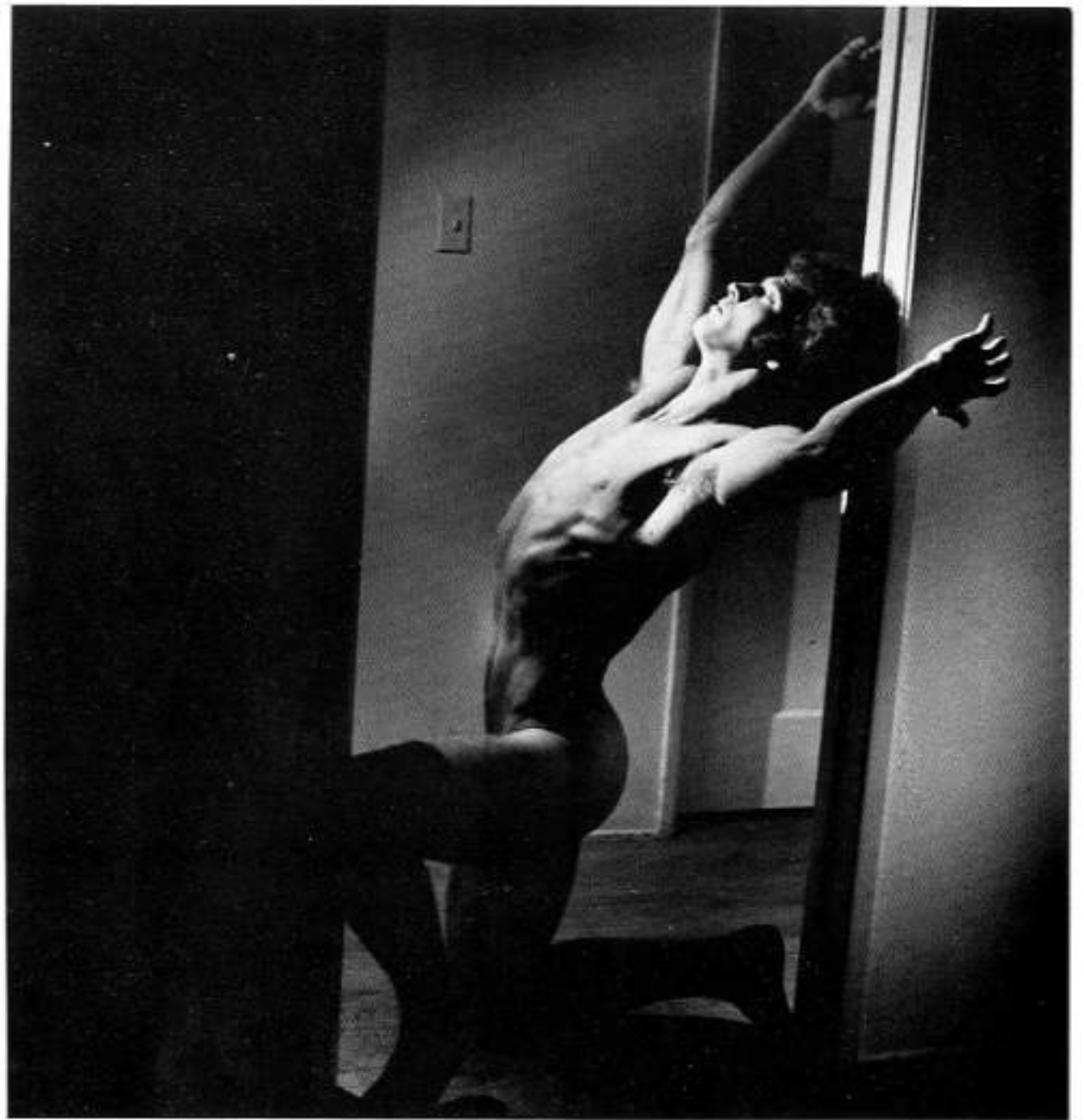
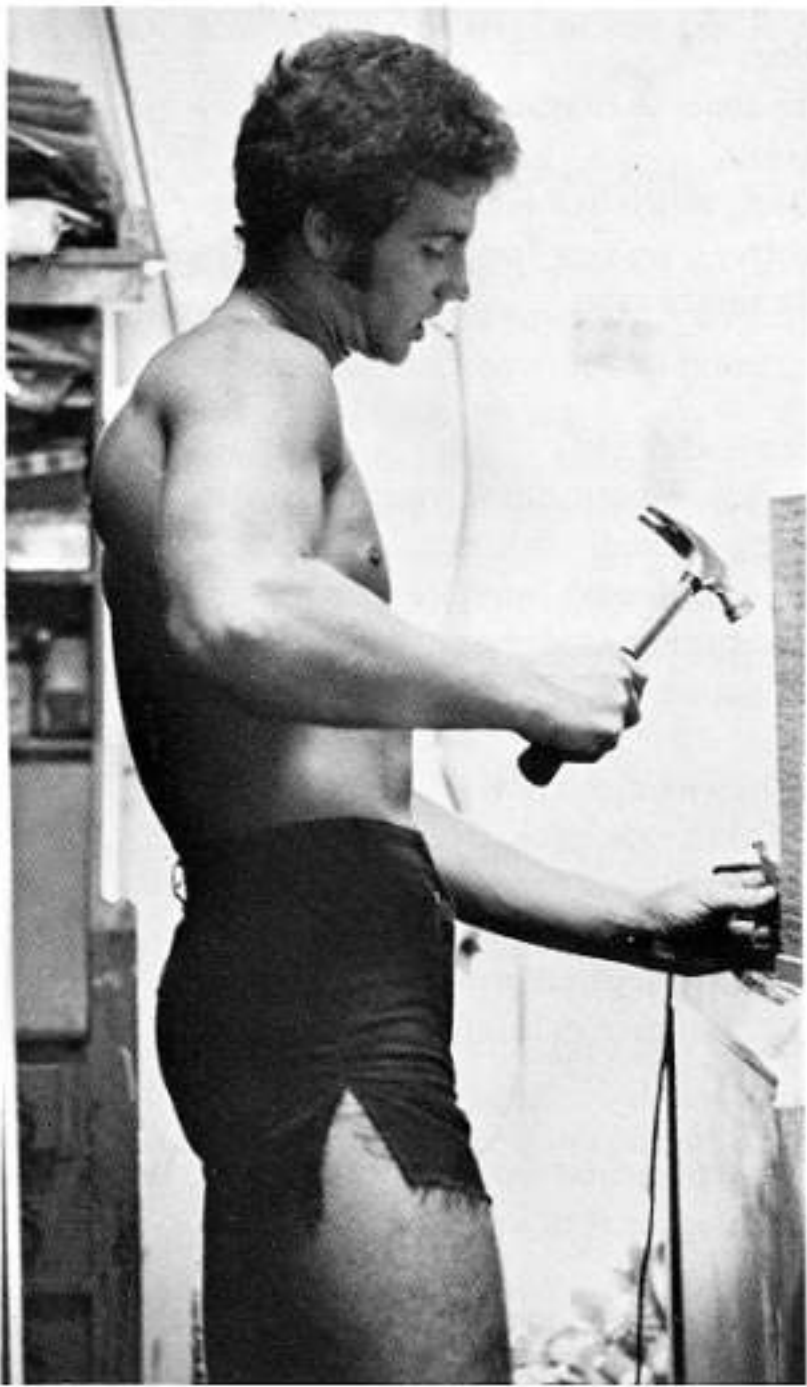
Sometimes talk,

Sometimes just sit,

But always run when the crowds begin!

Keep it Small,

Keep it Dark.



A Portrait in words and
photos by Hugh Harrison



And BOOKS,
and magazines —
And a fierce appetite to read — to need to know —
to need to read.
Everywhere BOOKS, which half hide empty coffee cups
and full ashtrays, waiting for Steve's return from the small,
dark, nearly empty cafe.
Friends.

Where Steve's head is at . . . is:
That intuned humor. Mouth burn, from the right there coffee,
brings a lightly offered, off-hand:
"Hope that doesn't interfere with my sex life. . ."
A somewhat hesitant acknowledgment:
"I guess, by nature I'm heterosexual. Everything else I do is
by Choice."
His world stays firmly here and now.
Today for today. Don't look back. Don't look ahead.
A popular philosophy among the Nomadic young. An entire gen-
eration of 'Charlie Cools' that even now seem to be chang-
ing into the newly angered involved.
So, he seeks too . . . but ever so carefully.

What Steve does . . . is:
Model — when the time and opportunity present themselves,
which, with no agent as of yet, isn't too often.
But that's O.K., too . . .
Keep it easy, keep it simple, don't get too pushy, don't get too
involved. If it happens . . . let it. If not . . . something else
will happen. Anything.
No matter. This semi-ambition of his — modeling — is still very
alien to the "What I want in EVERYTHING is no hassles.
It's just that simple. NO hassles!"
Show-Biz — the world's biggest single living hassle being sought
by the don't-hassle-me, uninvolved kid.
A hard role to hone.
A hip marshmallow trustingly touching the fires of Hollywood,
and involvement head over head.
Why just a model? Not a singer?, an actor?, or ? . . .
And Charlie Cool returns,
"I don't know."
What is this . . . A number . . . More protection . . . the Truth?
I don't know. Neither do you.
Funny. It's like his of concern about showing off his body, which
he likes and respects.
BUT, to show his personality to the camera . . . that's about the
same as getting involved, even though it's only with a cam-
era.
And that's a super big NO NO.
Again the everpresent humor:
"Hey, man, it's not fair, you're photographing my FACE,
ME, exposing my ME to the world."
Somehow, though, it's not incongruous for Gemini Steve.
And he stands on what he half-says . . . half-believes . . .
Gemini Rising.
Involved disinvolvement — uncaring care.
A charming half-smile lights up an oh-so serious face.
You're left with the feeling he WILL make his, what, goal?
The smile, the charm, the no-push push, that off-hand manner,
It'll do its job — and, that's a no-win win.

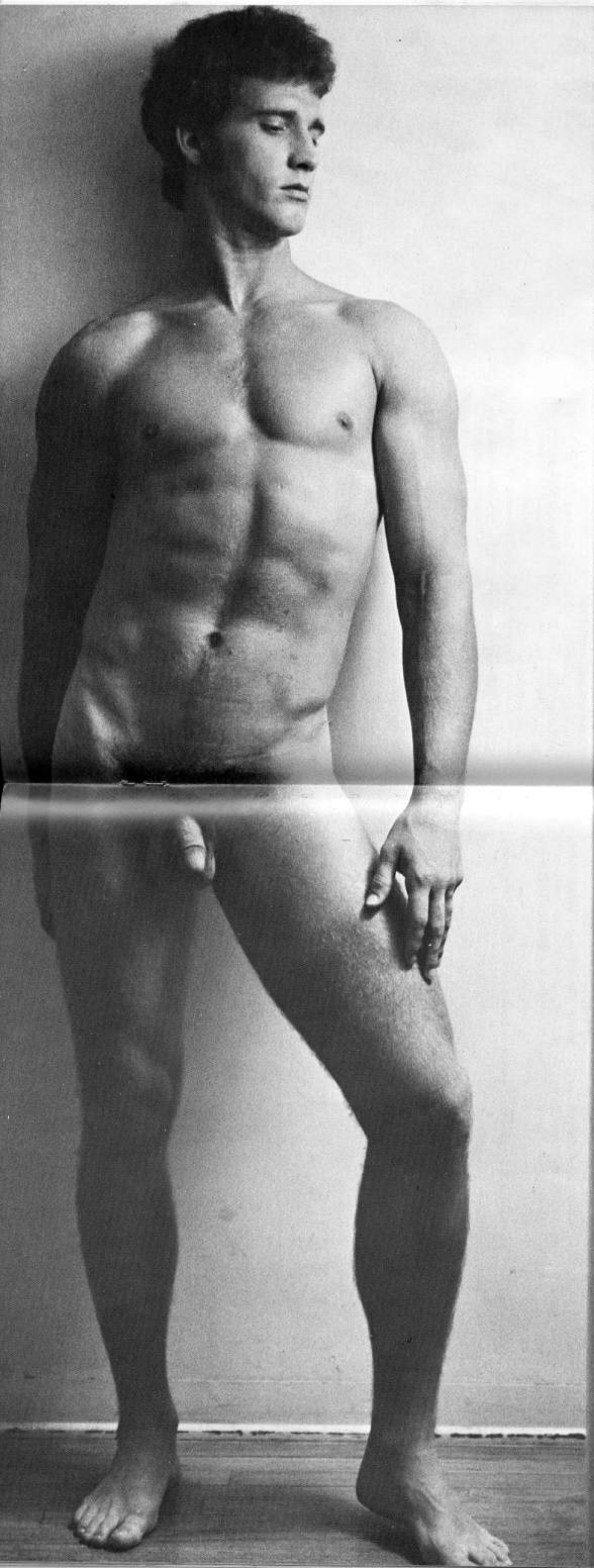
It will. You know it will. It's trapped you too. A certain familiar Southern charm.
Infuriatingly . . . furiously so.
Because it's so unforced, unaffected, simply learned, a way of dealing.
It works, and well, on me and I suppose on whomever else it takes to help Steve get to where? . . . to accomplish what? He knows its working, and he knows it's working.
He knows its power, and he revels in it.
For a moment he almost lets go . . . almost.
Our "one-eyed Jack" starts to turn from the other side of the card — we might see that which is never seen, the other side of him. . .
But he thinks better of it, catches himself, again half smiles and returns to his old original position.
A quick rechilling cool.

His avocation — full-time — is woodwork.
Hmmm . . . "If I were a Carpenter . . ."
"All I do actually is just hammer nails — that's it — a nail hammerer" . . . and a laugh.
But this wood construction still turns out as accomplishment, even though it may be limited . . . at least in his mind.
And two pieces of wood — plain simple wood — join together . . . functional, useful, artistic. . .
All met and dealt with lightly.
Humor again, intuned — out-turned — returned.
And there's that hammer . . . happily, trippingly pounding . . .
In time with now,
In time with Steve.

Still, here and there, sharp burning flashes of well-controlled Anger. . . .
Anger that lights up his green, brown, grey, blue eyes.
A new color for each mood. A new mood for each flash of light.
Hair in the sun — tight spun gold-copper wire crackling with high-lights.
An occasional blue somber slowly settles down for a long day's ride, cold with sharp-smelling, bitter-tasting memory . . .
Unremembered.
But regret has little place in the now, so a day of sorrowful recall lasts only seconds.
Then . . . he's back again with that light fun way
And a quick laugh at a forced, bitter bon-mot.

And the days begin for Steve
Like all days begin for all of us,
Waking up wanting . . . wanting things
Coffee, cigarettes, and more — unthought, unspoken.
But it's this want that keeps him real . . . Alive,
Like it does all of us,
And keeps him like all the rest of us.
But, unlike the rest of us, he remains Steve,
Like us all, and unlike anyone, as we all are.
Still super-cool, but with style, reachingly so.
Working a touch too hard to be uninvolved.
And a final salvation of WANTING . . . like us all . . .
A jagged piecing together of any appropriately multi-layered, varicolored personality . . .
STEVE.





"I wonder,
is it really better not to feel,
and not to get involved,
or to go ahead
and get involved,
then hurt, and get hurt?
I wonder?"

the **IN TOUCH** host

Among the many special dishes existing in my own private recipe collection there is none that I have found more useful and valuable than one which I got from my mother a number of years ago. Mom called them Swedish Ham Balls (I have since seen similar recipes where they are called Sweet & Sour Ham Balls), and their value to me—aside from being fairly economical—is that this delicious main course can be served immediately after preparation; can be stored in the refrigerator for a couple of days and just heated before serving; or can be frozen for future use. Since the flavor of the dish does not deteriorate with age (I personally feel they are better after having been stored a few days), I have often doubled and even tripled the recipe. This allows me to take advantage of free time now to save energy later. At those times when unexpected guests have dropped in leaving me without time to prepare a dinner, I've taken ham balls out of the freezer, thawed and heated

them and easily had the base for a fine dinner. When friends from out of town come for a few days' visit and there is little spare time for cooking, ham balls prepared and frozen in advance of their arrival have provided a happy dining experience. They are also an ideal solution to the large dinner party problems, whether it be a sitdown or buffet affair.

The recipe does have one potential problem—the ground meat. Now, no matter what you may have heard at the appliance or hardware store, home meat grinders are not as satisfactory as the professional ones found in markets. Additionally, most butchers are inclined to be somewhat resistant to putting pork, and especially ham, through their grinder (the prejudices surrounding meat preferences know no limits). If batting your hazy hazels at them doesn't work, suggest they grind the beef last, which will clean out their machine. I have found this logic usually defeats their resistance.

1 Lb.	Ground Smoked Ham
1 Lb.	Ground Raw Pork
½ Lb.	Ground Chuck Beef
2 Cups	Wheaties
2	Eggs—Well-beaten
1 Cup	Milk
1½ Cups	Brown Sugar
½ Cup	Vinegar
½ Cup	Cold Water
1 Tsp.	Dry Mustard
½ Tsp.	Salt

Combine the meat, cereal, eggs and milk well. Form into 24 balls and place in baking dish. Combine brown sugar, vinegar, water, dry mustard and salt. Pour over meat. Place in preheated oven and bake for 75 minutes at 275 degrees. Baste frequently. Serves 6 to 8 people.

Mom's original recipe suggests serving the ham balls over buttered egg noodles. I prefer serving them with rice—either pilaf or saffron. A great variety of salads and vegetables will complement this entree. I would suggest staying away from sweet salads and vegetables (sugar-glazed carrots, Harvard beets, gelatin salads, etc.).

—WARREN STEPHENS

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IN TOUCH at home

As quickly as a song or a smile from that certain party, flowers and plants brighten a sometimes mundane world and fill it with their own special brand of love. Many of us, however, suffer from pallor of the thumb, or in more instances we lack the time required to tend to green growing things. That is no reason to do without flowers in your home! There is a world of plants, vegetables, and, yes, weeds, that grow wild in Southern California, require virtually no attention once they are arranged and look absolutely lovely anywhere.

They are the wide variety of wild flowers and plants that are available in countless nurseries and stores and growing wild by highways throughout the state. If you choose to pay for them—and you *will*—many department stores and practically all florists carry some kind of wildflowers. But if you're more conservative, and energetic, you can gather your own—and get just the ones you want—by taking a drive down almost any road in the state.

For example, wheat and oats grow readily around the Los Angeles area. Next time you're cruising down Sunset Boulevard, notice how many empty lots and byways have those two plants growing wild in abundance. And if your drive has proved to be futile in other respects, hop out and pick a handful—at least, it won't be a total waste.

Who isn't into grass these days? Many wild grasses grow right around the city. When you see some, pick a batch and take it home. And before you try to smoke it—as someone inevitably will—see how it looks in a ceramic pot on the dining room sideboard or the bedroom dresser.

After a storm, a friend discovered near the beach an old weathered hollow log lying on the shore. He dragged it home, sawed the bottom off so it would sit flat, and then went out into the fields and picked a bundle of dried artichokes, cattails, elephant grass plumes and weeds. He took them home and began to fill the hollow stump, which he placed in front of the entry hall mirror.

By the time it was filled with his collection of plants, it towered over six feet high and four feet wide—spectacu-

lar! Everyone who saw it marveled, and it lasted for years. (And for those who feel that nothing free can really be worth too much, you can buy a similar arrangement for about seventy dollars.)

For the less adventurous of you, another—also less adventurous—friend discovered a way to make his own dried flower arrangements without ever leaving the house . . . well, hardly ever. In his hallway he had a brass coal bucket into which he tossed the remains of a very large bouquet of mixed flowers, which he intended to throw in the trash. However, he left for the weekend and promptly forgot all about them.

When he returned and took a second glance at his "trash flowers," he decided he liked them there. They had taken on very interesting muted colors. After that he never threw out another flower.

For years he has been adding to the coal bucket, and it is now a most fascinating sight. Almost five feet in height, it contains clumps and assortments of all kinds: here a bridal bouquet, there a dozen red roses, elsewhere a few Hawaiian leis. Sounds dreadful, looks fabulous! And what a conversation piece.

Another gentleman who wouldn't think of building a fire in his elegant fireplace has it filled to overflowing with dried sprayed straw flowers in myriad colors and sizes. What a sight! It is the real focal point of the room to be sure. He started skimpily with a few dollars' worth and kept adding to it, and now—WOW!

In the same house on the dining-

room table is a big bowl of eucalyptus nuts, oak leaves and dried thistles. It always gets a comment and compliment from some guest, and the milkcan full of wild oats under the portico seems always to say, "Welcome."

Bathrooms frequently get short-changed in the home decorating scene. Here flowers can be a real asset. One house we saw had on its bathroom wall a vase with a dozen or so tiny cattails. It was just the right touch for the water lily motif in the rest of the room.

How about that wild dill or aviseth you can see from time to time covering California hillsides? It's a delicate, lovely looking plant. Pick a couple of four or five-foot bushes. Place them in a corner of the living room, and bathe them in soft light. Unquestionably beautiful and the fragrance they give will bless you for months . . . truly an inexpensive incense.

If you have a funky kitchen, don't overlook the wild sage that grows literally everywhere. Cut and tied in bundles, it will look fabulous hanging in your kitchen.

A word to the wise: elephant grass is sharp and artichokes don't grow pickled—they have thorns. Carry your pruning shears and gloves with you.

If you have a pinch of imagination and a dab more of energy, you can do some wondrous decorating that will give your home a very special touch. A beautiful dried assortment in an interesting container would make a great gift for that new someone on your list.

Of course, if you have pots of money you can always go to a florist and say, "Do it for me." And rest assured they will!

—FRED JEROLE

from

Best Wishes
to

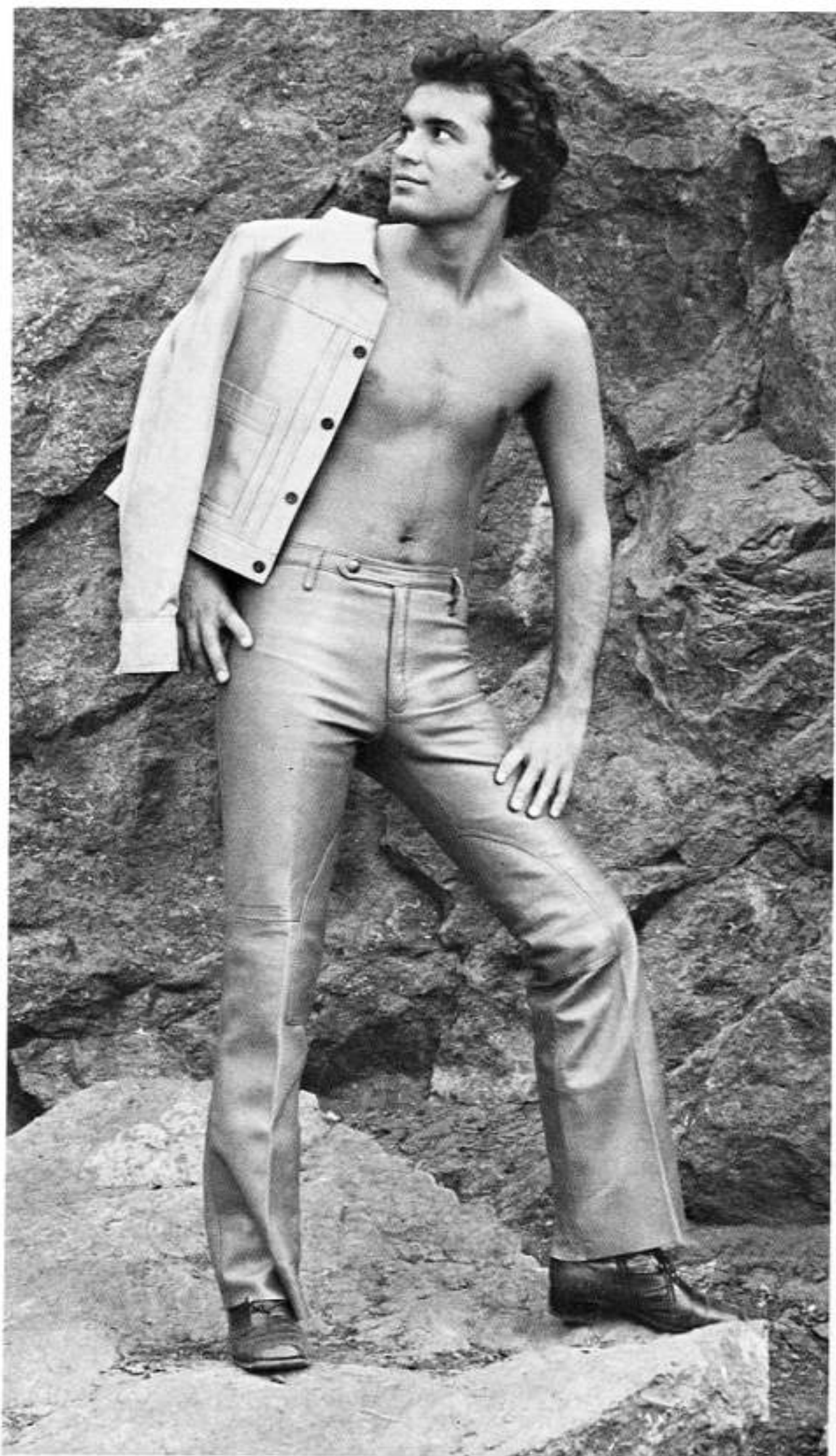
IN TOUCH

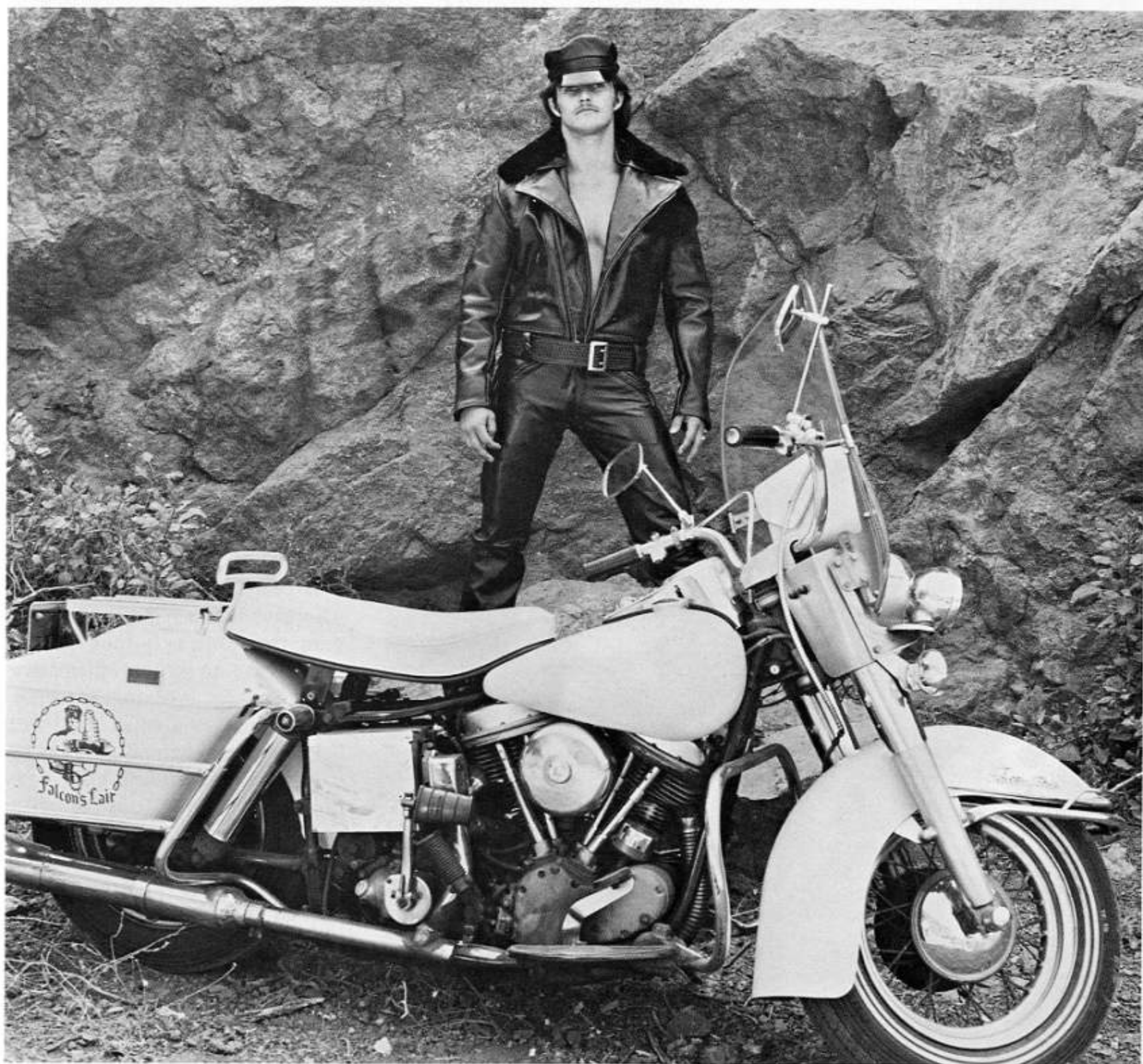
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fashion

LEATHER on LEATHER





By Jay Ross
Photography by Kirby Sires





With all due respect to the fig-leaf theory, man's first clothing was probably leather. After eating the tender parts of an animal, the efficiency center of man's brain led him to experiment with the convenient leftovers. He soon utilized the bones as implements for hunting, construction, farming, adornment and amusement. The skin, too tough to eat and too soft to use as a tool, was more of a challenge to his ingenuity. Spread over a framework, it protected him from the weather. At some point he realized that if he wrapped it around himself, he could take his protection with him wherever he went, and it kept him warm in the bargain.

When Roy Norton arrived in Los Angeles in 1966, his knowledge of leather was on just such a primitive level. He knew that animals wore leather because they had to, and humans wore leather

because they wanted to. Being one of the latter, Roy bought a cowhide, a shirt pattern and a relic of a sewing machine. On the fourth try (and as many cowhides) he came up with a garment he was proud of. The twentieth-century brain still strives for efficiency. So with a mound of cut-up scraps facing him, Roy experimented with belts and watchbands.

Friends besieged and beseeched and shortly he was literally selling the clothes off his back. Roy says he always wore a heavy T-shirt so he wouldn't catch pneumonia on his way home. Then instead of making just one shirt at a time for replacement, he began making a few up in advance and in various sizes. Thus, a business was born.

A year later he met Joe Collins who gave him a hand in filling the mounting orders. It took just another year to crowd themselves out of their working space, so they moved to a small shop with living quarters behind it. That became a twenty-four-hour-a-day proposition until, out of sheer exhaustion, they decided a separate store was necessary.

In May of 1972, Roy and Joe opened their present shop, Leather By Leather, at 3314 Sunset Blvd., directly across the street from a motorcycle agency. They are also now the Los Angeles representative of Cal-Leather, the Ventura-based manufacturers of bikers' wear.

All garments are made of select-grade Canadian cowhide, which Roy has found to be consistently better than other leathers. The initial high cost is offset by more usable area per skin.

Leather By Leather carries a large stock of biker and casual wear in a full range of sizes. If you're difficult to fit (a muscleman with a huge chest and a small waist, or less fortunately and inversely proportioned), a custom-like fit is still assured. Made-to-measure service is offered at no

extra charge. Your measurements are sent to the factory and within two to three weeks you'll be wearing a formfitting garment made especially for you. A list of options—action back, quilted lining, choice of collar style (including detachable fur collar)—is also available on special orders.

The detachable fur collar is standard equipment of the full-dress bike jacket shown as are the fur cuffs lining the zippered sleeves and the snap-on chin-guard. The diagonal zippered lapels offer double protection against the elements. The heavy leather belt snaps into place around the stiffly reinforced mid-section. The slim, trim pants are especially rugged. The cap is the jauntiest I've seen this side of *The Wild Ones*.

The racing suit could hold its own in a fashion show. Stripped for action, it's lithe and supple with attractive quilted padding in the areas most vulnerable in case of mishap. The mandarin collar, as well as the quilting on both pants and jacket, is handsome enough to make Mao's boys jealous.

For casual carousing it would be hard to beat the laced-front pullover shirt with zippers at the sides and sleeves which make for a hasty entrance or exit. The zipper-legged chaps transform jeans into a good-looking, hard-riding outfit.

In warm weather the collared vest can be worn directly over bare skin, as can the chaps, for something different in a semi-nude look. Modesty or the situation may require cut-offs, swim trunks, or a strap for bridging the gap.

Belts, waistbands (both plain or studded to order) and other novelty items are also available at Leather By Leather.

Many of the finest leather garments, outside of bikers' wear, come from Europe. Eschewing the garish multicolored combinations, the shown selections are conserva-

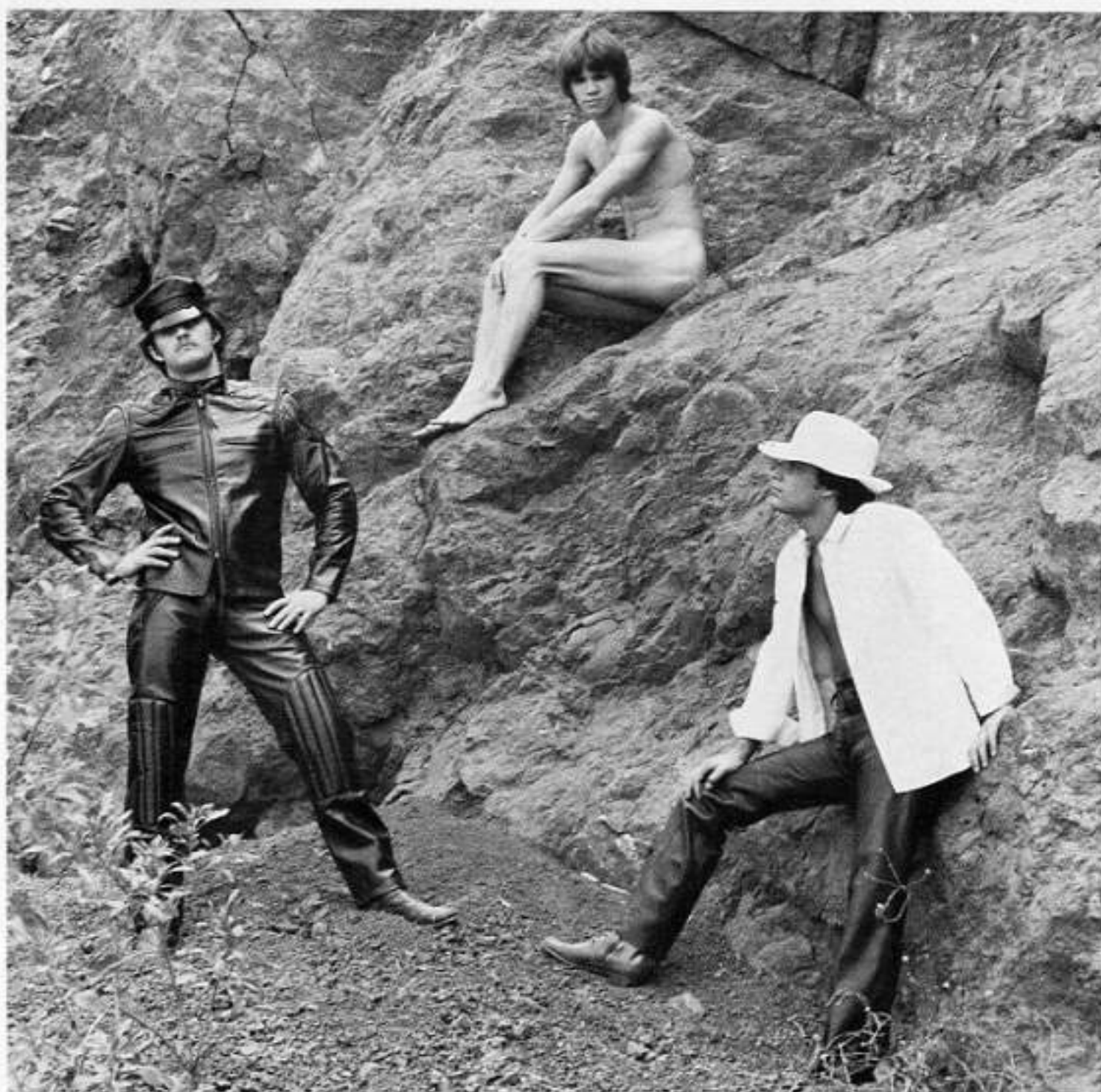
tive, well-designed, go-anywhere types, which justifies the considerable initial investment. The items are all in glove-quality kid of a softness that melts against your skin. The suedes are as velvety as chamois.

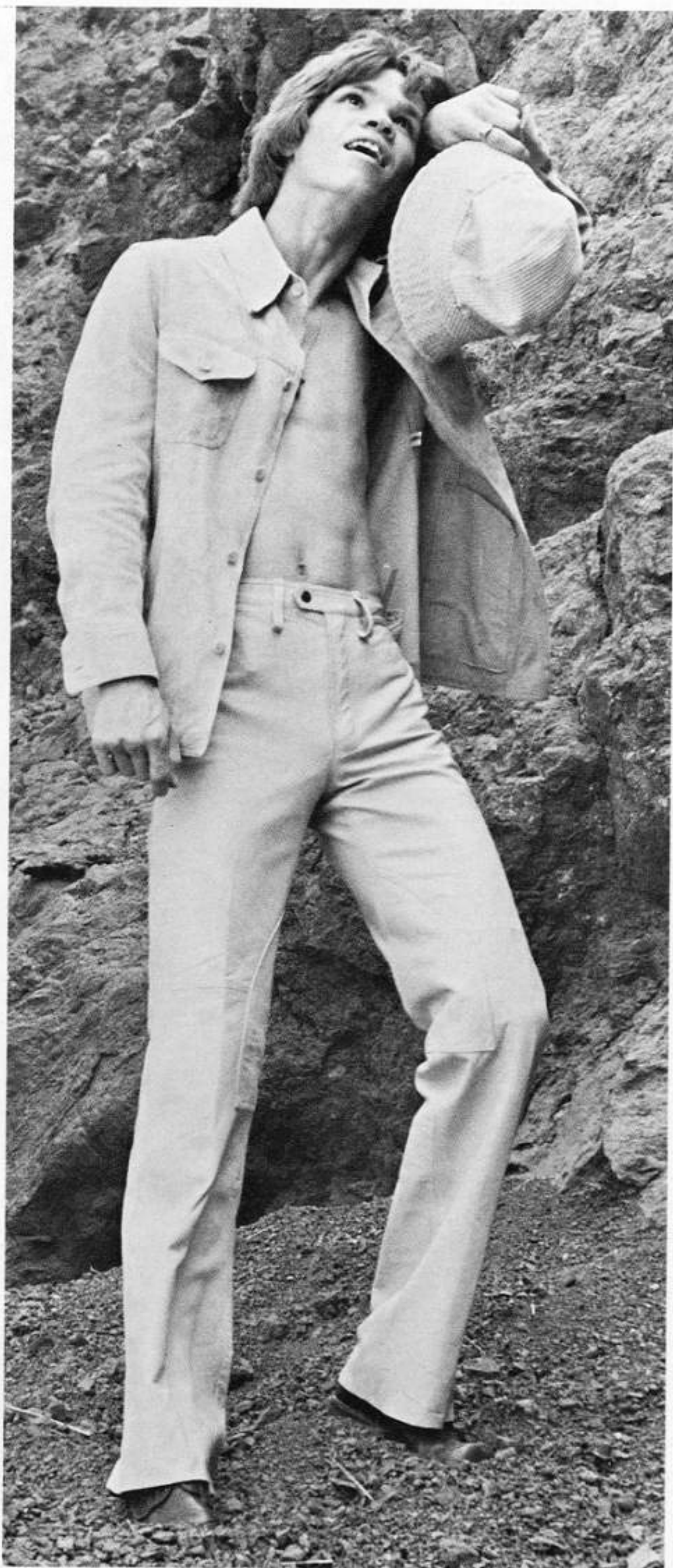
Old Hollywood nostalgia is evoked by the navy blue fingertip-length suede jacket from France. The cinched waist and rib-knit neckband cry for a Basil Rathbone ascot at the throat.

Very today is the yoked-back, elastic-waisted French jacket. The surface of this fingertip-length jacket with zippered front is polished to a high gloss.

Elegant loungers are the shirts in white leather and beige suede from England. They can be worn as shirts or jackets. Bone buttons fasten the cuffs, front placket, and pocket flaps.

The waist-length jacket from Belgium comes in a beautiful gold





color that blends well with Californians' year-round tanned complexions. Intricately seamed insets become overlays forming pockets. This jacket with its matching pants would have the audacity to attend the opening night of the opera.

Belgium is also the source of one of the most easily lived-in jackets around. Its hip-length simplicity makes it at home almost anywhere, while the racing stripes across the shoulders and down the sleeves put it head and shoulders above the crowd.

The trousers are all kid in colors to match or contrast with the jackets.

The felt hats are from England as is the crushable corduroy. The French house of Lanvin is responsible for one of the most practical hats available. The plastic-coated white cotton is impervious to rain and rough treatment. Shove it into a pocket or glove compartment until needed, and then it will snap back looking as good as new. It's so malleable it can be pushed into any shape desired, from a pith helmet to a Sicilian fedora.

The European leather garments and hats can be found at better men's stores in the Los Angeles-Beverly Hills area.

The all-black Leather By Leather raiment is modeled by Jimmy Hughes. Jimmy has copped the title at almost every competition he's entered since the 1971 Groovy Guy contest. Tall, lanky Jerry Nelson has sung leading roles in musicals and operettas, most of which were written before he was born. If curly-haired Jim Tankersley looks familiar, you've probably seen him in many ads and catalogs put out by some of the best-known department and chain stores.

The white Harley-Davidson was contributed by Lucky Powers of the Falcon's Lair, 742 N. Highland Avenue, Hollywood.



IN TOUCH dines out

East Hollywood is one of the most racially mixed sectors of the city. Some fine Italian restaurants have been in the area for many years, followed by good Mexican, Chinese and Japanese restaurants.

A friend suggested a French restaurant in the area, owned and operated by Italian brothers. At first dismayed, I was pleasantly surprised at seeing a charming little country inn perched a short distance from LACC; and I rapidly became undismayed at the sight of the elegant provincial interior. Toile-print wallpaper forms a backdrop for many lovely antique pieces, tapestries and a fascinating harmonium. Bright lime green and yellow tablecloths and napkins, potted plants and flowers suggest a perpetual aura of Spring.

After the success of their New York restaurant, the Parise brothers decided to open in Los Angeles, concentrating on provincial French dishes with touches from their native Italy; such as pasta to sometimes replace the potato.

The dinner entrees are simple and across-the-board—rack of lamb with broiled tomatoes, filet mignon with fresh button mushrooms, roast pork with stewed apricots and yams, sautéed fresh trout, chicken with black olives and sliced New York steak. The complete dinner consists of soup of the day or a choice of one of five salads, the entree and dessert. Instead of the usual mixed green salad, you can opt for beets and sour cream, fresh asparagus, hearts of lettuce, fresh mushrooms or hearts of artichokes with black olives. Several are

topped with chopped egg.

There are at least four selections for dessert. The bananas in dark rum sauce is delicious and the strudel exceptional.

Dinners range from \$4.25 to \$6.45 and there is a daily special at \$2.50. I tried the chicken cacciatore and it was special, the sauce light and delicate. It was served with very thin pasta shells. The vegetables were fresh.

Parise's is open for dinner Tuesday through Saturday from 6 to 11 p.m.; Sunday from 5 to 11 p.m. Lunch hours are from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Sunday from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Daily lunches start at \$1.50. Their Sunday Champagne Brunch is becoming a community event and reservations are suggested. For \$2.50 you get a glass of champagne, fruit juice, fresh fruit, biscuits, coffee and a selection from four styles of eggs.

The service is exceptional. Waiter Pat is friendly and efficient and the busboy is very attentive. The clientele is cosmopolitan, attractive and interesting. Beer and wine are available.

Located three blocks west of Vermont, just north of Melrose, Parise's should be on your 'must try' list—but not on Mondays—when they are closed.

PARISE'S Restaurant
707 N. Heliotrope Drive
East Hollywood
663-2811

The entrance is on North Crescent Heights Blvd., through a gate and a lattice-covered path. The dimly lit interior is quietly tasteful with dark polished wood, subtly striped wallpaper and

some interesting animal paintings. The subdued quality of the setting is in contrast to the employees and clientele. A bevy of well-kept beauties effervesced around the bar. The charming maitre d' guided my companion and me safely through and delivered us into the capable hands of that gem of a waiter, Tim. Tim is knowledgeable and truthful; when asked if the Bearnaise sauce was authentic, he said no, but ventured that we might like it anyhow.

The menu is fairly simple, but extensive. There is a large selection of steaks and chops in the \$4.75 to \$6.75 range, round sirloin at \$2.95, calf's liver with sautéed scallions and mushrooms at \$3.25, brisket of beef and charcoal broiled ham steak at \$3.55, and a group of prepared dishes: Coq Au Vin, Beef Stroganoff and Beef Burgundy, from \$3.25 to \$3.45. A mixed grill at \$6.75 consists of lamb, pork chop, filet mignon and calf's liver.

Seafood lovers may choose from broiled halibut steak, sea bass, brochette of scallops and broiled brook trout, from \$3.50 to \$4.25; a seafood platter of shrimp, scallops and sea bass, at \$3.75; broiled Australian lobster tail at \$6.95 for a single and \$8.95 for a double and a combination of lobster tail and filet mignon going at \$7.95.

The lobster tails were good, juicy and broiled to perfection. The daily special, chicken Veronique, was superb. The chicken was succulent; the grapes sweet; and the sauce tantalizing—if just a bit too thick for pouring over rice.

Dinners include soup or salad and a choice of rice or mashed, baked, French fried or duchesse potato. The salad was cold and crisp and the Green Goddess dressing tasted like a good mayonnaise. A well-spiked fresh strawberry trifle for \$1 was a spectacular finale for the meal and a comeback for the customer.

Almaden wines are served, as well as drinks from the full service bar.

There is a daily lunch schedule from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., with prices ranging from \$1.65 to \$2.25, and featuring a Saturday special at \$1.00.

It looks like the Carriage Trade has a long future; and it deserves it.

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of which Hans Christian Andersen
never dreamed.*

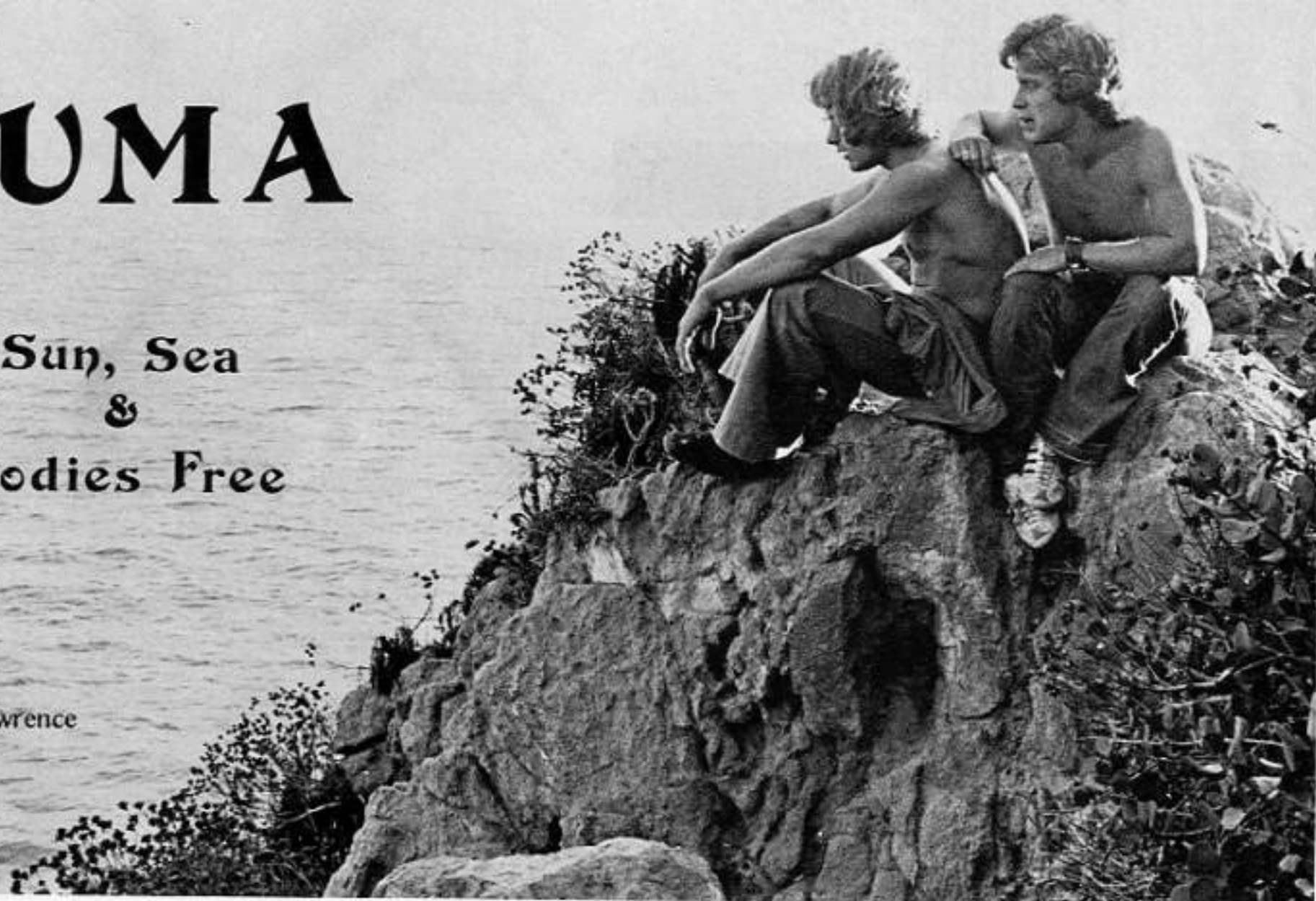
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by Dan Morgan
photography by Rik Lawrence



California mornings can be very deceptive. A day that dawns gloomy and forbidding may become radiant sky-blue within hours. Dark clouds roll away like curtains to present an unobscured sun. Just as quickly, however, a day born with promise alters to a shadow of threatening storms. And so it was with this particular morning as Bruce Cox and Sonny Buckley drove along the coast toward Zuma Beach.

The stars that were blinking when they left home in Los Angeles had gradually been covered by a creeping ceiling of clouds. Now as Bruce pulled off the highway onto the sand road leading back to Zuma, the sky, with the earliest rays of light, took on a dull gray cast. Morning mists hung in the air like floating strips of crepe streamers.

A crispness circulated in the air nipping at Sonny's arm as it dangled from the open window. On the sand surrounding the parking lot, several men with sharp poles stabbed at discarded papers along the road. By the morning light they resembled large birds pecking for food.

Bruce parked the car in the end space of the large lot. It was empty and the beach deserted except for a few gulls that ran over the sand looking for the scraps the men had missed. Beyond the cliffs behind them and hidden by the cumulus blanket that covered the sky, the

sun was rising. The lights surrounding the parking lot winked and went out.

Quickly gathering up their towels and lotion from the seat beside them, the two boys locked the car and stepped off the asphalt onto the sand. The tiny grains slipped up cool and damp around their bare feet. The salt breeze flipped the towel that dangled from Bruce's arm. They walked across the beach toward the cove.

* * * *

At the southern end of Zuma, the long low hills that parallel the beach break across the sand to the water. The grassy fields above crumble to sharp rock and bare slopes that slice into the beach separating and partially creating the cove.

Although the cliff may look formidable, many paths make it accessible for anyone interested in crossing to the cove, and for the less venturesome it serves as an excellent screen from the fun and surprises waiting on the other side.

Beyond this barrier in a small but pleasant cove lies one of the few recognized and accepted nude beach areas in the United States. It is one of the few spots—outside of a nudist colony—where such freedom is possible.

This is just another example of the good fortune—and forethought—of Californians. Other supposedly ad-

vanced regions of the country have not as yet progressed this far. Only this summer in New York's Central Park a handsome young blond was arrested for indecent exposure when his bathing suit was considered too form-fitting for the authorities' taste. (As a point of interest, the case was dismissed on the youth's plea that his body was not indecent but rather a thing of beauty—perhaps there's hope!)

Happily for all sun worshippers, this forward thinking section of our state has realized that some of the old taboos are indeed taboo! So here in Zuma Cove those who wish can enjoy the rare thrill of being totally naked out-of-doors (a treat that comes seldom, if ever, to most people).

Primarily gay during the week, this nude beach offers a respite to straight people who appear in abundance on weekends. Always it is a dazzling eyeful to curious on-lookers who dare the climb to the top of the hill surrounding the cove. Spectators are few, however; they usually become joiners.

On this particular morning as Bruce and Sonny clambered over the top of the path and down the entrance into Zuma Cove, they were greeted by a stretch of undisturbed beach. Barren of footprints, it resembled new-fallen snow just waiting for someone to walk through it.

Tucked away in a smaller recess near the back wall of the cove were three young men resembling colorful mummies as they slept rolled up tightly in yellow and red blankets. Below them, like a sprawling guardian, the ocean lapped gently, almost silently, upon the shore.

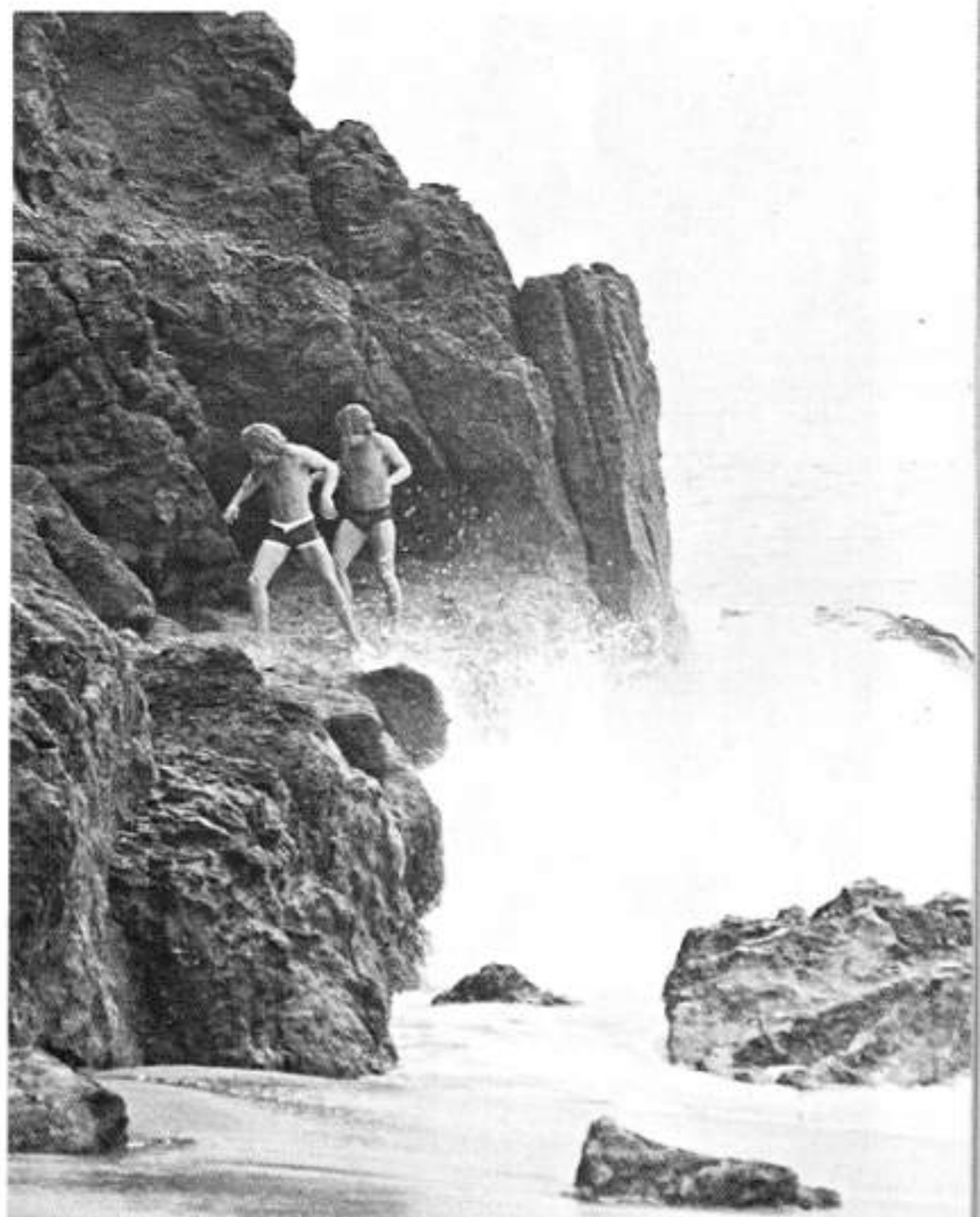
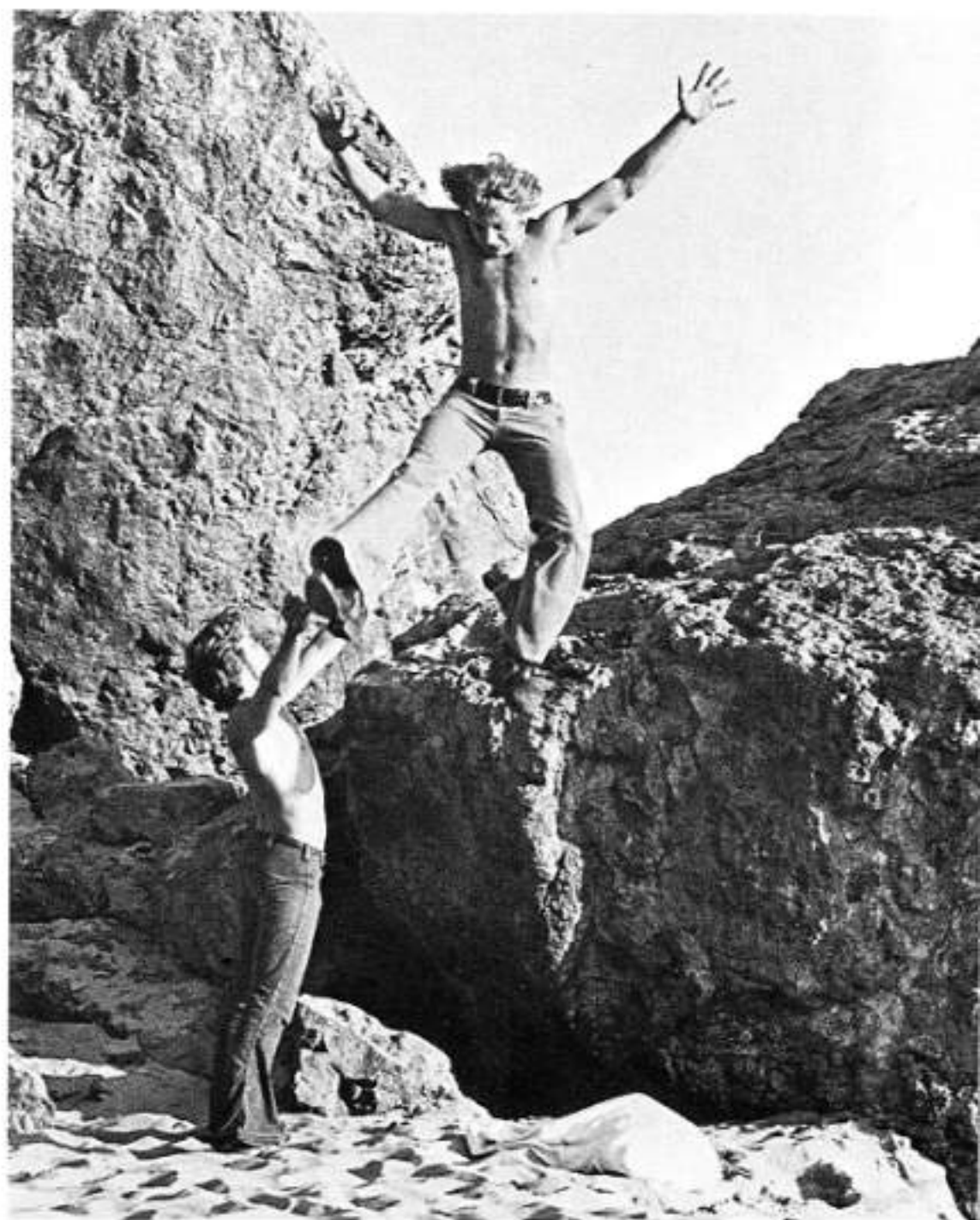
The morning haze was lifting, and now the clouds seemed to be parting again. An occasional gull swooped low into the cove and dove back out across the water. The two boys spread their blankets on the sand and sat awhile watching the waves climb slowly up the sandy slope before slipping backward into the churning water.

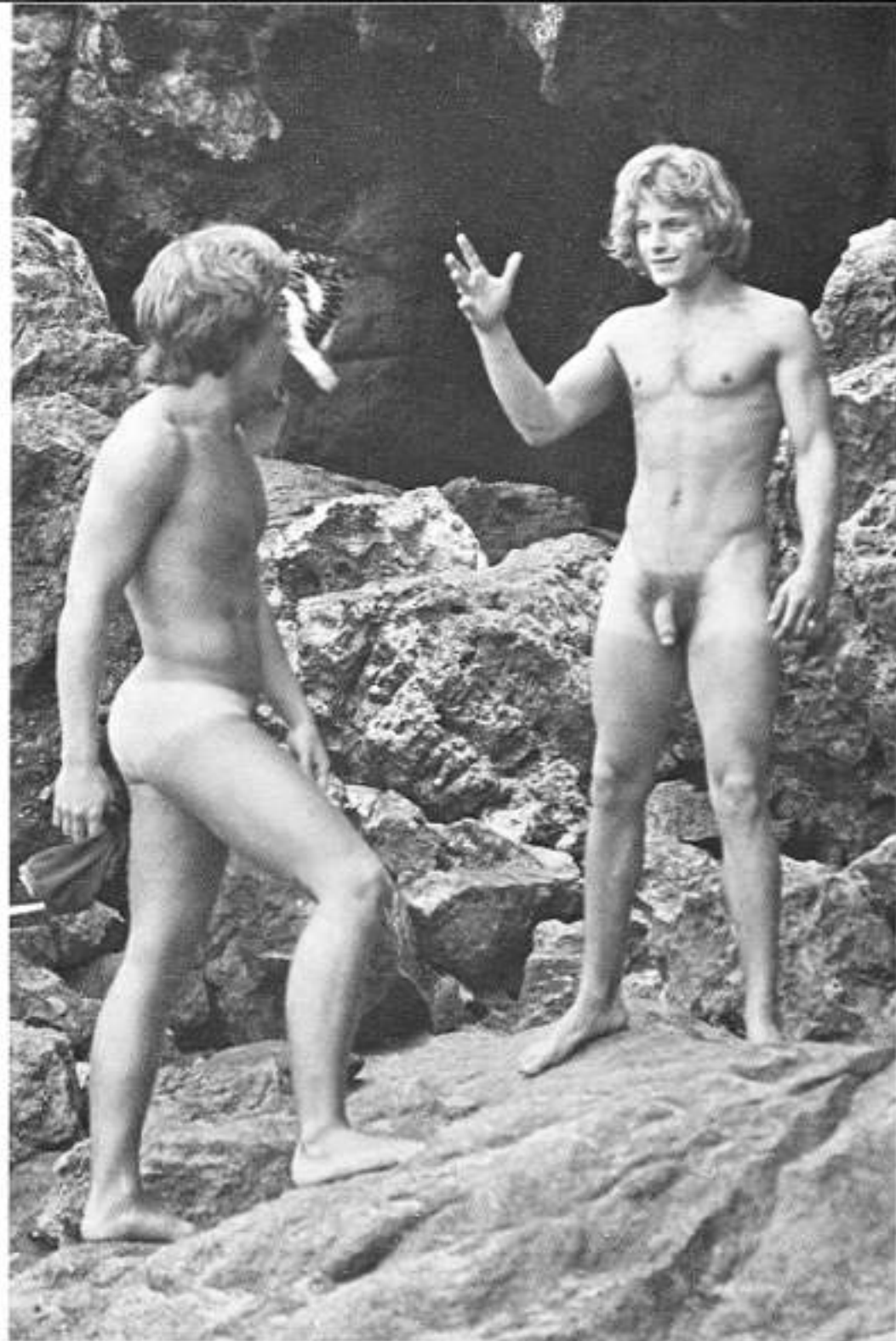
It was their first encounter with the nude beach, and they were hesitant to "jump in." For both of them it was a "first," and first experiences, though sometimes infinitely rewarding, can be frightening.

Far across the blue-gray expanse of foamy crests a sailboat appeared and moved slowly along the horizon. At length, like a phantom ship, it vanished behind the outcrop of rocks to their right.

Early morning sunlight began to filter through the sky above the rim that surrounded the cove. Bruce lay back on his blanket and dozed. Sonny wandered off to investigate the other end of this natural playground.

The far end of the cove, he discovered, was a wall of stone similar to the entrance. Here some of the larger flat rocks served as water tables holding pools of teeming sea life. Each large wave would break across the rocks, emptying the puddles and pools and replenishing them with new water and new life.





A ray of sunlight splashed across Bruce's face and he awoke to discover two more occupants on the beach. One man was obviously a Zuma regular for he sported a deep red-brown tan over his entire body. The other, however, appeared almost as uncertain as Bruce for he sat on his blanket in his jeans and tee-shirt reading, with an occasional cautious glance around.

One of the mummies had disappeared, as had Sonny. Bruce was about to go looking for his partner when he saw Sonny running up the beach toward him. Having shed his inhibitions and his clothing, Sonny now sported a pleased smile. He dropped the pile of clothes on the blanket beside Bruce.

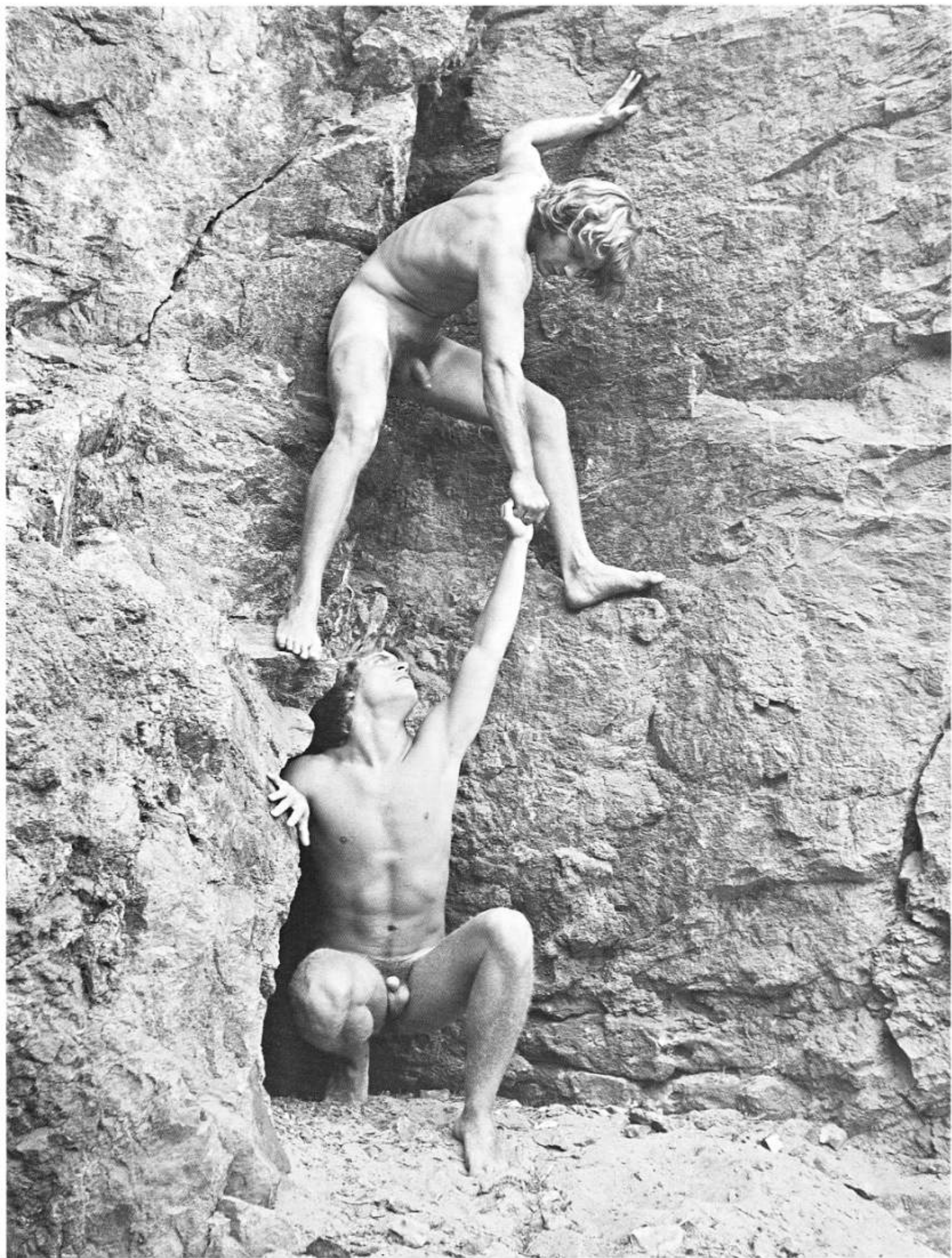
"Come on," Sonny coaxed. "The air feels great. You'll love it!"

With something akin to eager reluctance, Bruce stood and pulled off his shirt and pants.

"Somehow I feel more naked than usual," he mumbled to Sonny, a feeling that is not at all uncommon, for all the senses and sensitivities are heightened in such a moment. One can almost relive the fascination of a child discovering himself, his body and his senses. That, perhaps, is one of the greatest assets that a special place such as Zuma offers.

Bruce's qualms were soon forgotten, however—blown away in the salt breeze that swept up chill across the







sand. Suddenly the air seemed fresher, and the surroundings took on new life as Bruce experienced the rapture of standing naked in nature.

Together they ran down to the water. Running along through the overlapping circles of foam that washed upon the sand, they became aware of an intensity of touch and feel that few people are fortunate enough to realize.

As the splash of salt water beneath their feet sent wet chills up their legs, a blue sky slowly sifted through and clumps of clouds rolled away in various directions. They sat near the breaking waves which licked up at their feet before dissolving into the sand. The sand felt especially good as it grated against their bare skin, and a few rays of sun caught in their hair and warmed them clear through.

The day which had glared at them with an unpropitious eye now smiled with sunshine. They were warm and happy. As the sun burned stronger, they decided to brave the cold salt water. For a while they swam near the shore in the breaking waves. Both were numbed as



the water swirled over and around them, slipping across bare flesh. Skinny dipping is always fun but a little more so in the choppy Pacific.

Exhausted but content the two ran up the beach and fell onto their blankets letting the sun bake them dry. For a while they contemplated the imposing wall of sand and dirt behind them.

The cliffs offer a small challenge to climbers, and climbing in the buff adds an additional threat or two. With the customary challenge of reaching the top, the au naturel climber runs a greater risk to life, limb and what-have-you if he falls. Yet, as Sonny and Bruce discovered—for they couldn't pass the opportunity—there is an exhilaration in brushing against the surfaces of stone and sand, in feeling the wind that whips up from the water throwing mist and sand against warm skin.

Standing above the cove, which is only several hundred square yards in area, it seemed much larger to them, partially due to the lack of people—ten at most. The cove is seldom crowded during the week, but weekends and holidays attest to the fact that Southern California is filled with would-be nudists. The crowds on

such days may number in the hundreds.

Located above Malibu off the Pacific Coast Highway, it is only about an hour's drive from most of the Los Angeles area, and well worth it no matter when you go.

Climbing cautiously the two boys reached the sand again and stumbled wearily to their blankets. Napping and talking intermittently, they found the day passed much too swiftly. As the sun began to dip nearer the ocean, they were as reluctant to put their clothes back on as they had been to take them off. But the cool breezes that sprang up with the setting sun convinced them.

They dressed hurriedly and sat on the beach until the last tip of red-orange fire had disappeared in the water. The dark tentacles of evening were reaching out from beyond the water as they climbed back across the path to the open beach.

As they neared the parking lot, the lamps around it popped on and with them a few stars far above. The evening was cool, but they were warm as they drove onto the busy highway that led back to the city. This was a place to return to, and better still, to bring a friend.



obscenity

Fellatio and Masturbation, Phallic Development in the Adolescent, and Boys Who Seduce Other Boys. It wasn't bad enough that the contents were frankly homosexual and thus obnoxious, the verdict implied; what was worse was that they featured as models a prevalence of adolescent and pre-adolescent boys, thus getting into an area which many homosexuals themselves consider repellent.

Cast aside by the Washington jury was an intriguing defense argument: that consumers who were obsessed with the idea of "having sex" with young boys could safely channel their dirty desires by looking at and reading about pedophilia without putting it into real-life practice. *Thus nobody was really corrupted. No harm was done.* The act occurred only in the boy-lover's voyeur fantasies. Dr. Womack was, in his view, supplying a safe outlet for pedophiles who otherwise would carry the burden of their particular perversion to their graves or, in a frenzy of desperation, put it into grossly illegal action. That outlet, went the defense argument, gave Womack's chicken-queen material its "redeeming social importance."

Womack's position was only sketchily reported in the straight press. It appears that the court was loaded against him. The severity of the sentence—\$30,000 in fines and thirty to ninety months in prison—implies that Womack and his attorney, Stanley Dietz, went to court with a lost cause. The appeals court to which the defense turned after conviction agreed at that time to withhold its ruling until the Supreme Court had taken its own stand on any one of a mass of appeals in similar cases. That decision, announced almost two years from the day of Womack's conviction, was in *Miller v. California*.

Womack was quoted in 1971 as saying, "If ultimately I lose, there isn't going to be *any* homosexual literature. If material that applies to the normal [*sic*] erotic instinct of the average homosexual is *ipso facto* obscene, then *all* homosexual literature is obscene. [If I lose] I think everybody in the homosexual materials business will be indicted." Dietz, the attorney, added that he felt the decision he would appeal was "the begin-

ning of a purge of homosexuals" by the government. Those predictions, which must have sounded like the depth of pessimism at the time, are eerily borne out by *Miller v. California* and a companion ruling in the case of the Peek-A-Book shop of Los Angeles, from which the police had removed a publication later to be characterized by Chief Justice Warren Burger as "made up entirely of repetitive descriptions of physical sexual conduct, 'clinically' explicit and offensive to the point of being nauseous."

The operative word in that phrase, "nauseous," conceivably tells more about the Supreme Court than about the content of the Peek-A-Book's merchandise. Thirty years earlier, Dr. Langer, writing confidentially for "Wild Bill" Donovan, set in motion the "filth bomb" idea with his deductive conclusion that Hitler's secret perversion and his paranoid horror of pornography were related to a psychosomatic bowel disorder that manifested itself in—among other things—violent attacks of nausea.[†]

In his multi-pronged condemnation of sexually provocative presentations, the Teutonically named and oriented Justice Burger cited "the interest of the public in the quality of life." But the clincher came when Burger, writing for a Supreme Court majority consisting of himself, three other Nixon nonentities and a onetime football star nicknamed "Whizzer," overthrew Justice Brennan's vague but liberal-leaning concept of "redeeming social value" with this sweep-it-all-under-the-rug thinking:

"It is unnecessary to prove that material is 'utterly without redeeming social value' to have it suppressed or prosecuted. Instead, to qualify for protection under the First Amendment, it must have serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value." Throwing the questions of free speech and the free press to the individual states, Burger shrugged: "Our nation is simply too big and too diverse" for one standard to be applicable everywhere. What in fact the court did was to tell every prosecutor and every potential juror to act on his own individual concept of what is permissible to read and to look at. The court decided that the lowest common denominator will henceforth be the operative denominator.

That this thinking could be related psychologically to one man's preoccupation with nausea may be the supremely sardonic irony of a situation, and of a year, in which ironies abound, literally piling up on one another in a heap so high and so wide that nobody can say with certainty now what will happen in a field of expression in which no distinction can be drawn between *Ulysses* and *Sex Orgies Illustrated*.

One thing is known by all: The decision of June 21 was no sudden aberration and was not arrived at quixotically. Rather, it may be seen as the first definitive step in a plan of systematic suppression of thought by means of blanket interdictions phrased with mindless vacuity but rooted, to use Rembar's eloquent wording, in "a longing to protect the common man from the ravages of intellect."

If Watergate is, as has been called, "Nixon's botched-up Reichstag Fire," then *Miller v. California* and its aftermath can just as applicably be called "Nixon's Night of Shattered Glass." The first event, vicious as it was, was an isolated instance made possible by a ruthless regime's impatience with democratic principles. The second is infinitely scarier: It represents an act of repression which establishes the standard and serves to legitimize a set of goals which very soon will be regarded as val-

[†]An interesting piece of ricochet logic, touched on in Dr. Langer's *The Mind of Adolf Hitler* and in American musicologist Robert Gutman's authoritative *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind and His Music*, connects Frederick the Great, Nietzsche, Wagner and Hitler in several ways. All were rabid anti-Semites. All had good reason to suspect that they were of illegitimate Jewish origin. All were vegetarians. All had early premonitions of world supremacy and predestined, tragic ends. The works of all of them were obsessed with fanatic theories about blood and racial purity. All relied on enemas and herbal concoctions in order to "keep regular." In the light of Hitler's "secret perversion," it is noteworthy that Friedelinde Wagner, the composer's granddaughter, told Gutman of her childhood mortification when Hitler, at receptions during the Bayreuth Festivals, went into ecstasies in defense of Wagner's notorious thirst for the urine of handsome blond youths "as a cathartic when drunk warm"—i.e., directly from their penises. And, of course, every one of those great Germans were known as, or strongly suspected of, being exclusively homosexual at some periods in their lives, their marked preference being for receiving anal penetration. It may be worth a thought here to note that the German words for cathartic and catharsis, regime and regimen, purge and purgative may be used interchangeably.

id expressions of the national will. This despite the widespread suspicion that the national will is so corroded by disillusion and despair as to be in a state of suspension not unlike that of the terminal patient who surrenders to coma because anything, anything at all, is preferable to what he has endured.

The incumbent President of the United States has built an inglorious career on a single consistent note: He is contemptuous of the American people and confident that, when surrounded by a heavy enough sea of insecurity and self-doubt, they will accept any rule of procedure rather than trust to an endless chain of individual judgments based on individual cases. If the court of original jurisdiction finds *Portnoy's Complaint* a tasteless narrative about a jack-off idiot and his delusions, the resulting ban on it necessarily removes from the marketplace of ideas a highly relevant, wickedly amusing morality tale about the discomfort of being a bourgeois, guild-ridden Jew in a disordered society. The difference between the two concepts is that one is easier to pin down than the other.

President Nixon last year set the guidelines for his reelection campaign when he rejected, in scathing terms, the results of three years of enlightened study by a Johnson-appointed "citizens' commission on obscenity and pornography" because its well-reasoned conclusion was that the American public would prefer the government to keep its hands off matters relating to private adult sexual matters. Nixon somehow found a public somewhere which was shocked at the finding. That public never made its voice heard—except to Nixon's own Quaker-meeting-honed conscience—but it suited the political exigencies of the year and carried as well the important endorsement of Billy Graham and some other self-professed keepers of morality who, like Graham, couldn't bring themselves to read the report's contents.

Not unexpectedly, Nixon found himself nauseated by pornography and prostitution as well as by his lifelong nemesis, evidence of public rebellion, as in the case of that minority-turning-into-majority which questioned the "redeeming social importance" of his endless wars in Asia.

Curiously, the President detected no

groundswell of public disapproval of organized crime, a phase of human activity with which Nixon has learned to coexist to his own profit and the profit of organized criminals.

One foregone conclusion about the new nationwide crackdown on what is inaccurately called "smut" is that the invisible, omnipresent underworld is seeing new horizons in the field of a quarter-billion-dollar-a-year business being forced to go under the counter. The businessman was never born who didn't see the beautiful potential of operating the exclusive concession on a market—be it for prostitution, pornography or narcotics—which by its nature will remain constant. Those who need the merchandise will keep on needing it and keep on getting it. The great advantage of illegalizing an industry is that illegality drives the little supplier out of the market. It is inconceivable that the Nixon Supreme Court didn't have that fact in mind by taking steps to get sexual suggestiveness out of the open market and into monopoly distribution.

At porny king Milton Luros' elaborate publication factories in North Hollywood and Chatsworth, production of

three dozen glossy boy-girl and girl-girl quarterly titles (*Black & White Journal*, *Teenagers*, *Electra*) was halted as soon as the management could type up termination notices for most of its two hundred writers, artists and printers. Luros was admittedly edgy: the operation was padlocked for a month last year on a quaint charge by District Attorney Joe Busch that the professional models posing for the magazines were thereby engaging in prostitution. After June, titles featuring solo girls—no dykes, no studs—were in the works again, their press runs drastically cut in anticipation of large-scale refusals by retailers.

Meanwhile, such divergent New York operations as *Screw* and Grove Press were waiting for a clue to their fate in the form of a low-level court test based on "local community standards."

Gay-oriented books and magazines seem not to be as seriously endangered as the straight output, but for a sobering reason: the major gay paperback publishers have all but folded within this decade. Olympia Press, along with its gay subsidiaries, The Other Traveller and Ophelia Press, got out of the market in 1971, "because the field was glutted



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with lousy stuff," according to Frances Green, the heterosexual editor who drew such "name" talent as Larry Townsend, Douglas Dean and Peter Tuesday Hughes into the field. Perhaps for the same reason, San Diego's prolific Greenleaf Publishers last year abandoned an elaborate program to upgrade the quality of gay fiction and pseudo-authentic "factual" sex books. Ginger Sisson, who headed up the Greenleaf homophile production, told this writer at the time: "We built up some good authors. But people have been burned on junk so much that we're spinning our

wheels now."

Publishers and civil rights lawyers who have more than a passing interest in First Amendment guarantees are frankly waiting now for another test case by which to force the federal courts to define Burger's criteria of "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value." They are betting that some future Supreme Court will find those concepts as hard to define as was Brennan's "redeeming social value."

Meanwhile, for the months of years likely to pass before the court is required to rule again on the value of erot-

ic publications, the lid is on, albeit insecurely.

A prominent Los Angeles civil rights attorney, a discreetly practicing homosexual who declines "in the present climate" to be quoted by name, commented in the first shock wave of *Miller v. California*:

"It's that word 'nausea' that bothers me. I once thought I'd like to take a freedom of expression case all the way up through the courts. I can't imagine anybody getting an erection over *The City and the Pillar*, which had redeeming social importance in that it brought a generation of closet queens out into the open. I don't think I could get that book cleared now. It had a gay love story and some fairly explicit cocksucking or whatever, which could negate whatever literary merit there is for someone who gets nauseated at the idea of swallowing somebody's sperm. All I'd need is one juror to get nauseated and puke, and there goes my case—right on the courtroom floor."

On the current outlook: "It's the straight sex publishers who'll get hit hardest, because that's where the big money and the biggest outlets are. But it's really us they're after. They don't even deny that. Bear in mind: Men who like to play with women's tits are by no means a minority. But they're going to get screwed the same as we are. Then the pendulum will start to move forward again."

On what, if any, circumstance in which he would defend a gay publication now: "One. I had a client on an unrelated matter, a nice-looking kid who was going crazy thinking he was the only guy around who was freaky enough to want to suck other guys' feet. I showed him some fetish material and wrote him a classified ad to run in the *Advocate*. I believe he's been happy and busy ever since. I could argue that as a beneficial means of communication. God knows nobody's getting hurt by it."

On the curious parallel between bowel hangups and the fascist mentality: "Did you ever notice how fascist types wear trenchcoats all the time? It's as if they're always afraid of getting something wet and dirty splattered on them. Rebecca West thought it was a fear of being drenched with blood, but who knows?"

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IN TOUCH by comments

The Houston horror has had its most important side effect in the exposure of what police describe as a nationwide procurement ring, a despicable merchandising of young boys. Right after the raid on the Odyssey Foundation in Dallas, police talked about a connection with a Hollywood porno-film producer, and a "sex ring" involving as many as 200 teenage boys was reported from Gurnee, Illinois, a Chicago suburb.

Then Valley police here arrested self-styled "Dirty Old Man" Guy Strait (described as "one of the largest Southern California producers of homo-pornographic films") and an associate on charges including having sex with one five-year-old boy. That same weekend they arrested Howard Fox and Jerry Shawhan in Burbank—a bust that had aspects of entrapment.

Strait in 1961 led a breakaway from the tottering San Francisco Mattachine Society to form the League for Civil Education (and members of the League who objected to being subservient to Strait's commercial operations later broke away to form the Society for Individual Rights) which published for several years the first American gay publication in newspaper format, dropped when Strait decided to devote full time to the flesh trade.

Big Jerry Shawhan was an early and most affable member of L.A.'s Gay Liberation Front, a solid-citizen conservative among hippie radicals, a gentle, dependable member who helped organize many of GLF's early dances and Gay-Ins. Howard Fox discovered the group at an early Gay-In. Also a conservative, he took a vociferous lead in planning later Gay-Ins, and instigated the GLF anti-bar demonstrations that bordered on the old "protection racket" tactics.

Jerry was a leader of the Gay Fellowship (started as Gay Religious Liberals) and both he and Howard were briefly in the politically oriented Gay Community Alliance. Early in 1972, he launched a Gay Social club called ONE-PLUS-ONE, whose March newsletter announced the existence of a secret "enforcer squad" called Gay Zap, which threatened to take drastic action against gay bars and baths (most of them members of HELP/

Tavern Guild) which discriminated against older customers. This sent shock waves through the then-thriving Gay Community Alliance. ONE-PLUS-ONE soon expired and New Horizons took its place and this is the operation which police say is a call-boy service.

It remains to be seen what effect the trials of these three will have on the gay movement. And without attempting to prejudge the individuals, the first problem will be the difficult question of whether operations alleged to involve the interstate transportation of large numbers of minors for sexual purposes can be considered as justifiable. Gay spokesmen in Dallas and Houston have already expressed the view that such operations are contemptible—and that they would willingly cooperate with police to close down such flesh-traders.

LAPD Lt. Terrence Hannon, as spokesman for the ultra-rightist Police Protective League, went on the air shortly before the last election to smear Burt Pines, labeling one of Pines' workers a convicted child molester. The man in question, a former president of the Gay Community Alliance, had indeed spent time in prison on a sex charge—involving a 17-year-old when he was himself only 20.

But a month later, with Pines happily in the City Attorney's office, officer Hannon, off-duty and "under the influence," made a pass at a woman standing on a Sunset Boulevard corner. She was a police decoy and wired for sound—his lewd proposition was broadcast to headquarters. But the officers who arrested him, finding that he was a buddy, took him to a friend's home to sober him up. The "good buddies" later got one or two-day suspensions, and Hannon is now awaiting disciplinary action. Still, it took several weeks for his arrest report to be filed with the City Attorney's office. Wonder why. . . . ?

The Fourth General Conference of Metropolitan Community Churches met Labor Day weekend in Decatur, Georgia (never hold a large meeting in a suburb with Sunday-closing laws). Two hundred delegates and almost 1000 at one

worship session. Minimum of haggling as they worked their tedious way through revision of the Fellowship by-laws and doctrinal statement—no mean feat for a group which includes high churchers and pentecostals, millennialists and social gospellers. Local cops heavy on parking tickets, and four squad cars showed up Sunday when ministers stood on sidewalk waiting for processional. "Illegal assembly" quickly broken up. . . . DIGNITY, a group seeking to work within the Roman Catholic Church, had a rockier time at Constitution-writing during their first national convention in Hollywood, ended with a probably unworkable national structure gung-hoed through by a San Francisco/San Diego radical caucus. Serious problem with Dignity is whether to be conservative enough to be acceptable to Church authorities and to heal the estrangement of many Gays from a Church they desperately want to be part of, or to join the forefront of the Women's Lib/Peace/Ecology/Civil Rights Movement—which unhappily is not where most of the Catholic Gays who need help are likely to be found. . . .

—JIM KEPNER

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films

Throughout the story the team becomes more and more divided and backbiting. We are convinced that it is only this attitude that keeps them from the pennant. As their in-fighting increases and the suspense grows as to just how or what will pull them together, their ugliness begins to turn more and more on Bruce and Henry, whom they call Romeo and Juliet. Henry confides in one of the catchers that Bruce is dying; the catcher confides in his roomy, who in turn confides in the one guy who has really been coming down on Bruce for being faggy, and so on until the whole team knows. It is a pitiful sight to watch the team pull itself back together and become strong and unified, all out of pity for Bruce, who fortunately remains dumb to the reason for the change in the way he is now treated.

It could be said that the film is a study in deathbed manners. The first half of the film, in which we watch Henry's shapeless affection grow into an understanding that is strong and un-

afraid to love, could be said to be a study in good manners and strong character. The second half, during which we have to watch the storm of vindictiveness the team holds give way with the mere whisper that Bruce is dying and transform into a diatribe of guiltful pity, could be said to be a study in bad manners and weak character. Unfortunately, the film does not study behavior but rather achieves a certain degree of success in making them palatable. The film resorts to melancholic, Americana devices of melodrama to gloss over what it uncovers. It is a copout of the highest order because it feels right. It feels like a sensitive, tender story.

For all its disturbing qualities *Bang the Drum Slowly* manages not only to employ clever devices of sentimentality but plenty of comic relief, enough to make it a lively frolicking wake. In its look at the odd little world of baseball stars, there is plenty of fun poked. The whole affair is spiced with plenty of shtick that from the laughter in the audience must be great for baseball fans in-the-know. Most notable is an hilarious performance by Selma Diamond, playing Tootsie the hotel switchboard operator where they all stay. Her performance alone would make the film worth seeing. There is also a special treat in the high-camp character of Piney Woods, a sex bombshell star catcher played by glamorous and beautiful Tom Ligon.

As athletes sit around in locker rooms reading fan mail or playing TEG-WAR (That Exciting Game Without Rules), a card game only pro-ball players are supposed to know how to play, policemen are riding around playing more serious, silly games. *Electra Glide in Blue* is about such games.

Of course, policemen are not the only people caught up in a convoluted game with no rules, caught up in a process that takes their humanity, what little there may be of it, and pulverizes it. But, as we find in this film's vision of policemen, they are so close to the final stages of dehumanization that the death throes are far more agonizing than what mere rhetoric about the plight of industrialized man conjures up. *Electra Glide* paints a portrait of a bunch of second-rate centurions enslaved to a mindless machine that grinds away without the slightest memory bank of what purpose it was set up to serve. Instead, the police

system runs on numbers and point grades and its slaves deal in promotions and convictions. All this would be much easier to take alone but the film is also about the policeman's awareness of this situation. Some of them busy themselves striving for ignorance of their own knowledge by mutual propagation of bullshit. Some destroy themselves in various ways at varying speeds. Once in a while a cop comes along asking questions and the consequences are tragic.

Big John Wintergreen (Robert Blake) is a motorcycle cop. He sits out in the desert heat waiting to issue citations to traffic violators, but he has ambitions of becoming a detective. As he stumbles into what, for all intents and purposes, should be a real thriller murder case, he is allowed a brief flirtation with the "big boys," the detectives. Big John Wintergreen is no ordinary cop; he is proud. He takes off his blues and dons his detective browns in the most sensually photographed style imaginable. The photographic style seems almost to depart from the telling of the story as it underlines Big John's feelings. He struts around like a peacock. The script, however, does not go away and soon Big John is ground down by the sham and hypocrisy all about him. He struggles to hold on to his ideal along with maybe a few basic ethical principles. This results in tragedy for everyone all around him; his girl friend, his idol, his buddy are all destroyed. I don't think I should give you the particulars. The performances are so powerful and, although on reflection many of the incidents seem contrived, they are convincing at the time.

Electra Glide in Blue does not stand up to too much analysis as a traditional theatrical film. It is right on as a document of our times and it is a powerful ballad. It threw me all over the theatre in a brutal assault to my psyche. I love it. I hate it. See it!

James William Guercio comes from the rock-and-roll record world; a 22-year-old record producer-engineer, he deals in millions of dollars in the name of art. He had never directed a film before *Electra Glide in Blue* and it is apparent that instead of learning the traditional art of interpreting a script to the screen, he has implanted his discipline from recording onto this effort. He has confidently challenged the script to survive his style and the results are brilliant.

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By choosing a script in which the plot thickens and thickens, Guercio has afforded himself the opportunity to use a traditional theatrical script in which to exercise a unique style that concerns itself more with revealing the social reality of the setting than moving forward the plot. The script does take care of itself, it seems, as Guercio sends his cameraman into its morality play of archetypes to study the idiosyncracies that reveal clues to the sociology of which the story is meant to be representative. If Guercio would have lost control of the film at any time what he set up would have looked like a documentary studying the characters as they go about acting out the play. But this is not what he intended and this is not what is seen on the screen. Obviously his musical discipline came into play and he has achieved a visual style that takes the lyrics of the script in much the same way that music can take the lyrics into a song. It is the music and the lyrics combined into their unique relationship that makes the definitive statement of a song.

JAMES WILLIAM GUERCIO: "I don't know whether it will be a record company that makes films or a film company that has a record company, but there shouldn't be these divisions. That's what I'm interested in doing. . . . I'm bringing them together. What I want is to bring these elements together in a marriage."

The emotional impact of this film-ballad was too strong for me to take. I had to go out into the lobby when I saw the end coming. I pulled myself together and came back into the auditorium for the end titles, which were superimposed over a single shot, lasting eight minutes, while Guercio sang one of his own compositions. He has a beautiful tender voice and his song summarized the message of the film, while pleading with us to be more human towards one another. I sat back down in my seat and watched Big John Wintergreen sink slowly into a pool of blood in the middle of the road that winds off into the Painted Desert.

Light From the Second Story Window is a monumental achievement, a collection of performances that cannot be soon forgotten. It represents a major step forward in the gay movie.

The film is a fictionalized document

not unlike the confession films that were used to launch so many stars into their careers in the late twenties and thirties. It is melodrama but that, of course, is not necessarily bad. It is an ugly vision of sex that you would never want to feast on in one last supper, and that, of course, is not good. The film is also a fictionalized autobiography. The character Lee Jones is obviously based on David Allen's bitter life.

Lee Jones is a sincere boy and he believes we should all be sweet if we can. For his sincerity and honest openness he is slapped down. He becomes bitter. In the book the character Lee Jones became rebellious and admirable. The book was a call for Gays to unite and meet the threat of the story's oppressors. In the film the bitterness seems to be directed towards Gays and especially their sex habits. The film is a painful screeching plea for pure and simple love but it also comes off as a strong rejection of sex.

More than anything else *Light From the Second Story* is an actor's film. Jim Cassidy approaches the painful script as a sensual comforter, which makes his scene the nearest to erotic. Ray Todd's performance was perhaps the most enlightening. It reveals the subtle promise of pain found in the arrogance of a star-struck young man on his way to the top via prostitution. Todd's lines are simple enough but the performance requires extremely sensitive handling and he comes through. He *can* act. Some guys have everything.

Richard Lindstrom as "Mother" is often nerve-wracking, often a delightful camp, and on a few occasions gives us the most human character in the play. He is always consistent to the demands of the script. Winston Kramer does not always seem to be there but when he is he is warm and alive. He also has a beautiful singing voice. Victoria Mills must be a fine actress but here she is so intense that there does not seem to be enough script for her at any single moment. Eve Faye is great in that incredible orgy scene (*Flaming Creatures* is nursery school compared to this montage of poignant gross vulgarity). Brad Preston is often the most professional looking man around but I never knew if he was a "bad guy" or a "good guy." Richar Lauette grasps the excitement of his role as the sadistic cop and never lets

go. He should have cut his hair. Joey Daniels belongs on a stage. I hope he will persevere and become the great actor he promised to be in this role. He should never stop working. Special mention should be made of the fellow who played the father of the father-and-son team. He seemed to be the only sexually turned-on person in the film. It is a small part but it stood out and perhaps was inconsistent with the message of the melodrama.

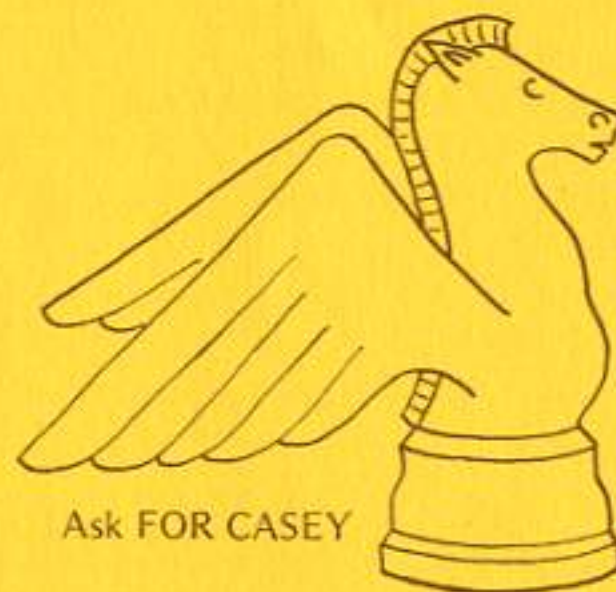
Generally Brad Kingston's photography is proficient in serving the play and occasionally he gives us some beautiful shots. Some of the closeups of nightclub singer Felisha Farr and the sequence with Jim Cassidy come readily to mind.

David Wayne's editing is well paced and never intrudes on the play. Many of the cut-ins obviously could not ever be matched by any editor but the production problems seem to be well glossed over by Mr. Wayne's talents.

If you have not been to a gay movie lately, you just might be surprised at the level of professionalism that this film manages to bring together. See it.

—DAVID MINTON

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books

three larger homophilic books not available in English and was actually originally printed (privately) in English in 1928 under the title *Eastern Love*. It includes 30 pages of brief, poignant folk songs by Geishas, not by Saikaku, included merely because they were rendered by the same translator, E. Powys Mathers.

I have never read more pleasing gay stories.

Lyn Richmond and Gary Noguera's anthology, *The Gay Liberation Book* (Ramparts Press, \$3.95, 208 pp.) is a fine companion book for the heavier *Out of the Closets* (Douglas Books) by Young and Jay, sharing with that collection a few of the finest bits: Joel Hall's "Growing Up Black and Gay" and Gary Alinder's "My Gay Soul"—as well as pieces on the unhappy experience of gay radicals who volunteered for Cuba's Venceremos Brigades. The pieces in this book are generally shorter, the pictures are a very welcome addition, though selections by better-known writers (Vidal, Burroughs, Alan Watts, John Lennon) add little. Most memorable, I thought: Ralph Hall's account of buying *Young Physique* in a state of acute embarrassment 15 years ago in a small, upstate New York town, and some of the best writing I've seen by sometimes careless Don Jackson, one of the seminal figures in Gay Liberation. . . .

Handsome volume in an odd shape. . . .

Where to Sin in San Francisco was a popular guide to the fleshpots by the Bay when I came out during WWII, but only recently have other popularly sold tourist guides begun to take note of the gay scene. The *Los Angeles Handbook* by John Weaver (Price, Stern, Sloan, \$2.95, 175 pp.), a guide to the sort of services you can't find when you most need them, gives under Homosexuals a fairly accurate accounting of local gay assistance organizations, and *The Book of London* (Time Out, \$2.95, 315 pp.) includes a section on gay groups and some advice about the law, along with a wide variety of information chiefly directed to hip readers, whether tourists or locals.

The Secret Gospel (Harper & Row, \$5.95, 148 pp.) by Morton Smith, Ancient History professor at Columbia, recounts his finding a fragment of a secret gospel of Mark, probably predating the New Testament. The fragment, contained in a letter from church father Clement of Alexandria, tells the story of the raising of Lazarus and strongly suggests that when Jesus secretly baptized Lazarus, they united in a way that was both spiritual and sexual. Clement is complaining that while his orthodox congregation in Egypt revered this secret gospel (for inner-circle believers only) he so objected to the libertine interpretation made by rival Carpocratians that he would flatly deny that Mark mentioned such phrases as "naked male to naked male."

Carpocrates followed Jesus' idea (found in the least edited of his sayings; one can often trace a simple, radical statement in Mark modified and half

explained away as it passes through later revisions in Matthew and Luke) that the Mystery of the Kingdom (the private, vision-accompanied rite of baptism) freed one from the law and made all things lawful. The writings of Paul show the Church half backing away from this view. The Carpocratians and other Gnostic Christians (Gnostics—possessors of *gnosis*, or secret, liberating knowledge) believed that salvation was an evolution, that *really* entering the Kingdom, now, not in some future life, was a more profound experience than the simple conversion experienced by the masses. One grew, from faith, to love, to knowledge—and Gnostic doctrines must be kept secret from run-of-the-mill believers. That was why Jesus spoke in parables. Gnostics, generally hostile to marriage, seem to have preferred homophilic love. Like the Buddha-Shakti sect, they regarded every kind of physical experience (or sin) as a prerequisite for salvation: liberation from the flesh.

Lazarus was "the certain rich young man" whom Jesus loved a few verses earlier in the accepted text. In another extant letter not mentioned by Smith, Clement told how St. John, in old age, loved a handsome youth, and later pursued him through the woods pleading his love after the young man left the church to lead a robber-band. This story is found on page 110 of the Mentor paperback, *The Essential Eusebius* (1966) by Colm Luibheid.

Clement of Alexandria and a Secret Gospel of Mark (Harvard, \$22.50, 454 pp.) continues Smith's exposition on a much more technical level, adding new material from other sources that help support the general theory.

Homosexuality: Neither Sin Nor Sickness, 48 pages, is available from the Presbyterian magazine *Trends*, for \$1 (Room 200, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, PA 19107), with several fine articles, mostly by Gays, including Bill Johnson, Jim Sandmire, Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon. Also for \$5.98, a cassette and study guide containing roughly the same material. (THESIS, P.O. Box 11724, Philadelphia, PA 15228). The best yet of several church publications on the subject appearing in the last decade. . . .

—LYN PEDERSEN

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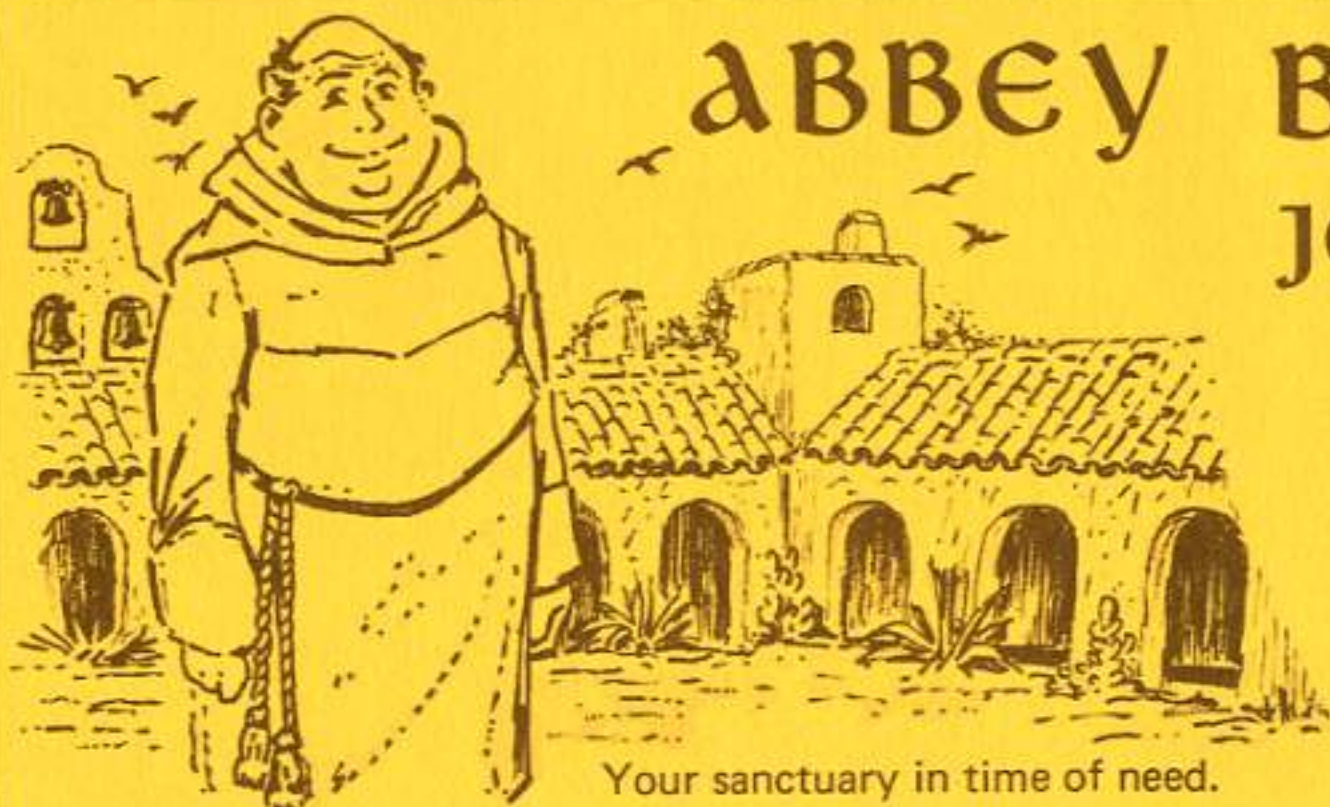
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FOUR POSTER—Silver Lake neighbors social. Always friendly, sometimes cruisy weekday afternoon. Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

WOODY'S HYPERION—Healthy, young crowd most nights. Food and teeming masses on Sunday. Lively spot for the north side of Silver Lake.

SHINGLE SHACK—Nestled in a friendly hillside community in Silver Lake, this spot is always neighborly and the cruising is often more than cordial. 1941 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

BOX CAR—Quiet. Interesting layout, waiting to catch on. Sometimes Sunday congregations. 2906 Los Feliz, Atwater.

FLORENTINE ROOM—Friendly cocktail crowd, mixed around pool table. Neighborhood elbow benders and professional bartenders ready to welcome you. 4579 Melrose, L.A., just off the Hollywood Frwy.

LATIN FLAME—Black velvet with flickers of red wine, dark quiet lounge with bursts of laughter punctuating the murmured Spanish. Quiet, romantic, and lush atmos with some fiery customers. Melrose at Van Ness, Hollywood.

BRASS SPUR—Wilshire District social plus visitors for light cruising. Sunday brunch and friendliest bartenders make worth your while. On Vermont just south of Wilshire in Wilshire

Center.

NARDI'S—Quiet downtown lounge, social weeknights, cruisy weekends. Small crowd and beautiful bartenders. 665 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OFFICE—Mixed neighborhood, some trade, friendly bartenders and pleasant customers. Just down the block from the DAILY DOUBLE, Pasadena.

DAILY DOUBLE—Practically private social event. Not too friendly but a few interesting numbers. 3739 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OLD WEST—Formerly the BIG JOHN. Someday this sawdust barroom could catch on. 5150 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

THE HAVEN—The Valley comes into downtown Hollywood. There's plenty of room for dancing, which is coming soon to this growing little clubhouse. 5903 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

DAVID'S—Certainly not just a neighborhood bar. A loyal clientele and dining keep the bar interesting. 7013 Melrose, West Hollywood.

K'S STAR ROOM—Liquor before, during, and after dinner. Friendly Hollywood professionals gather to chat, makes for entertaining company. 1271 N. Vine, Hollywood.

JACKIE'S—Practically private for straights and drags only. 6023 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

RED CARPET ROOM—Guys and dolls rub elbows in the most congenial little bar in Hollywood. 6280 Yucca, Hollywood.



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DE PAUL'S—Comfortable cocktail lounge with talking bartenders and get-together drinking neighbors. 1729 N. Ivar, Hollywood.

FOUR STAR—Boystown neighbors social. Good crowd on weeknights, can be cruisy, heavy on weekends. 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

GALLERY ROOM—After dinner casual gentlemen stay on every night to form consistent young crowd. 8100 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

BEACH BOY—Beachcomber set in the heart of Hollywood. Good afterhours spot to sober up. 7113 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

VALLI HAUS—Crowds for dinner often stay over for socializing. Popular for lovers and other strangers. 11012 Ventura, Studio City.

KEITH'S—Sociable Valley stop, before or after dinner. Crowd gets silly when the liquor and laughter flows and a little sad when it closes down. 11801 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, across from the Hayloft.

CANYON ROOM—Extremely delightful bartenders play host for neighborhood conclave. 13625 Moorpark, Sherman Oaks.

THE ATTIC—North Hollywood very mixed interweaving crowds. Big boys and girls Sunday socials. 11717½ Victory Blvd.,
TONY'S—Entertainment, when open. Nice lounge. 10618 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

BLACK KNIGHT—Just a black box with beer and a small cruisy crowd. Not just neighborhood. 10932 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

FORSOOTH THE DRAGON—Across the street from the Knight, uniquely laid-out bar, some dancing, afterhours for area. 10937 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

HANGED MAN PUB—The corner bar has turned gay. Small but not quiet, beer and pool neighborhood tournament. 10522 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

LA CARAVELLE—Just across the street from the beach, a pleasant lounge at night and a fun patio for sunbathers. Also local dining and seafood. 54 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PINK ELEPHANT—Quiet Venice bar near old boardwalk. 2810 Main St., Santa Monica.

BEACH ROAMER—Nice little beer barroom

stop in the middle of Long Beach's gay miracle mile. 1064 E. Broadway, Long Beach.
SAM'S PLACE—Mixed bar on the miracle mile. Small weekday crowd. 1744 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

P-M CLUB—Lively part of the miracle mile circuit. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

HUNGRY HORSE SALOON—Funky little bar near enough to the beach and baths. Good place for a tall cool one with the gang. Sundays good. Newly afterhours.

HOP HOUSE—Neighborhood boys bar around the corner from Diablo's. Growing lively atmosphere. Frolicsome crowd. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

DOLL ROOM—Mixed little beach bar with brotherhood and sisterhood. Drink here, dance up the street. 756 Ventura, Mission Bay, San Diego.

SKIPPER'S—Cozy little cocktail lounge can be found in a retirement vacation motel restaurant. Good place for a secret rendezvous. 6737 La Jolla, La Jolla.

SEE SAW—Busy with plans to change into cruise and score spot this place already has a lot going for it. Plenty of room broken up into different sizes. Kitchen and dinette, large patio adjoining the private rear parking lot, game room, and long bar. Friendly bartenders, pleasant stop. 7713 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood.

B.J.'s—Small friendly crowd with dancing weeknights becomes mixed and leather crowded afterhours weekends, down the street from Black Pipe makes it Must Score afterhours. 2692 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles.

FALLEN ANGEL—Quiet and friendly neighborhood hangout for middle-aged Wilshire district. Travis tends bar with good conversation. 2709 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

JOLY'S—Neighborhood weeknights becomes hot spot for the Wilshire District on weekends. Gets crowded and sometimes cruisy. 117 S. Western, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

THE (NEW) NEW WORLD—Remodeling for fun, cruising, and afterhours. 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TYKES—Always good conversation, very neighborhood in a very gay community, fun

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Discovery: Chuck Ballard—part Indian. All-Texan and all man.

Leader: Romeo Renya—artisan from Laguna.

Leisure: Visit Tijuana with two groovy guys from San Diego.

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while waiting for laundry, can be a place to meet someone new for whatever. 4306 N. Figueroa, Highland Park, in L.A.

GOLD RUSH SALOON—Western image comes to life afterhours. Mixed crowd socializes and then cruises afterhours western additions. Formerly The Alibi. Good jukebox. Nice guys running the joint, trying hard out there. 480 Pomona Mall, Pomona.

TENDER TRAP—Neat little bar, a survivor. Feel at home with the townfolk. Afterhours cycles swell with the full moon weekends. Not dead. 667 W. Holt, Pomona.

INQUIRE—Long bar with plenty of friends sitting around. Very personal and almost private. Sometimes wandering minstrels entertain. Cocktails educated. New location. 3974 Atlantic, Long Beach.

LITTLE SHRIMP—Exciting coral reef atmosphere, aquarium bar, crowded weekends, weekday beach bar social. Very nice, like a honeymoon spot, a place you would like to remember as the years roll by. Sort of down an alley, keep looking. 1305 S. Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

IT'S A SCANDAL

BIG SKY

A health spa and resort, just outside Hollywood, is scheduled to open soon with bar and restaurant. In a mountain setting, it's an 18-room mansion with one of the world's largest pools. General Offices, 7511½ Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood; 874-4681.

JASON'S ADULT BOOKS

Up-to-date selection of adult books and magazines with some bargain racks. Large gay section. Open until 2:30 a.m. at 1702 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

M/B CLUB—Two locations. On Melrose just west of the Hollywood Frwy. Good crowd, lots of Levi membership with strong flavor of leather. Best bring knee pads. Several dark rooms with sparse furniture.

M/B CLUB #2—Same principle—preying and praying. Neat little snack bar with campy jukebox. Various rooms to brush about in. 5643 Cahuenga, No. Hollywood.

SELMA'S—Not a bath with private rooms. A massage parlor with private boys. People who like people. They're that kind of people. And they know what they're doing. 5859 Melrose, Hollywood.



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Love Garden's Sexual Lubricant for Women is an advanced lubricating gel designed to enhance your sexual experience. This gel provides a "natural-like" lubricating quality with an exclusive warming effect, available in three exciting flavors — Wild Strawberry, Mandarin Orange and Imported Champagne. Non-toxic — water soluble.

SEXUAL LUBRICANT FOR MEN NET WT 1 OZ.

Love Garden's Sexual Lubricant for men is an advanced lubricating gel designed to enhance your sexual experience. This Gel provides a "natural-like" lubricating quality with an exclusive warming effect, available in three exciting flavors — Wild Strawberry, Mandarin Orange and Imported Champagne. Non-toxic — water soluble.

CLIMAX CONTROL GEL FOR MEN NET WT 1 OZ.

Love Garden's Climax Control Gel is an advanced formula for men designed exclusively to assist in prolonging the sexual experience and can delay premature ejaculation.

CLIMAX CONTROL SPRAY FOR MEN NET WT ½ OZ.

Love Garden's Climax Control Spray is an advanced formula for men designed exclusively to assist in prolonging the sexual experience and can delay premature ejaculation.



SENSUOUS BODY OIL 4 FL. OZ.

Love Garden's Sensuous Body Oil is uniquely blended for a more exciting and pleasurable sensual experience, shake vigorously until both layers are blended. Apply freely to all areas of the body and begin to feel its soothing warming effect on you lightly blow upon the skin.

MUSK BODY OIL 4 FL. OZ.

Love Garden's Musk Body Oil combines the most exciting scent of "today" with an exclusive warming effect to enhance your sensual experience. Apply freely to all areas of the body and begin to feel its warming effect as you lightly blow upon the skin.



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"THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW"

IS A RAY THAT WILL PENETRATE EVEN THE COLDEST OBSERVER; A MALE MOVIE MASTERPIECE... The most expensive and carefully-scripted homosexual chunk of cinema ever to come down the line will open in late September at a plush new Hollywood theatre following its star-studded New York premiere earlier in the month. Semi-autobiographical in tone, it emerges as piercing and illuminating in texture, and features everything from father-and-son liaisons to the drag mystique to sado-masochism. Yet, it manages, amidst all its orgasmic undertones, to evolve into a personal document of our times, one that some of us have partially either experienced or been exposed to. This is due to astute scripting not usually found in such Gay-oriented pictures, outstanding photography, crisp, zippy editing and glove-tight casting right down to the smallest "extra." It is not only David Allen's revamping of his celebrated book into filmic form... it is a statement as well as a steamy story, and it bristles with electricity and excitement!... It may well register "Deep Throat" grosses in the movie market, plus enlighten and engage the empathy of general "Straight" moviegoers as well... one thing's for certain, it'll be talked about for years to come!"

— Bill Dover, ACTION MAGAZINE

"The film contains more erotic footage and diverse activity than dozens of similar films put together, but here they are creatively thought out, intertwined with a hard-hitting dramatic story and a sensitivity never, ever seen before in any male erotic film. The 130 minute film builds in intensity and impact, to the final mind-boggling finale... And I suggest if you can't see it ONCE, then you must see it TWICE!!!"

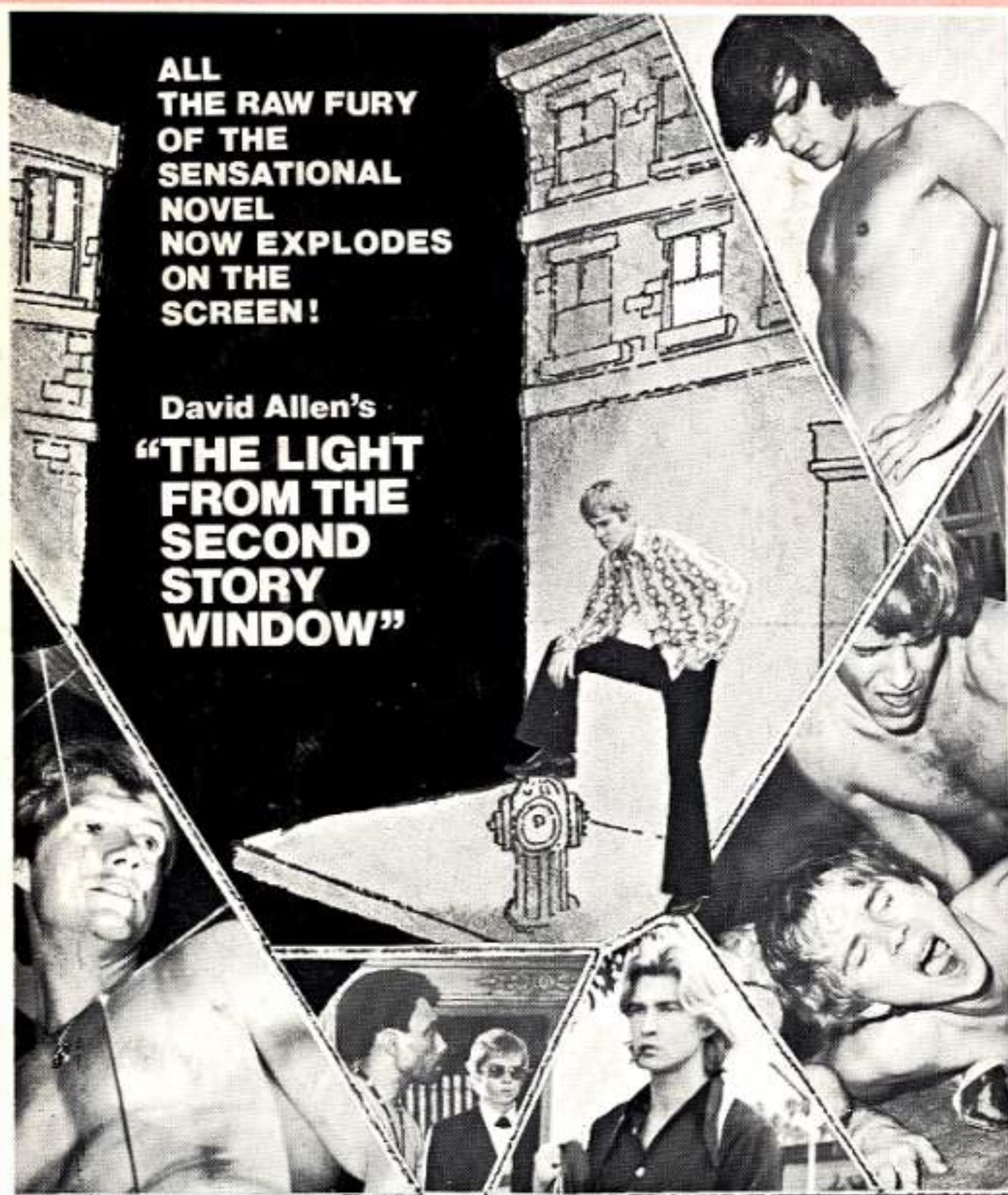
— Bill Gary, ENTERTAINMENT WEST MAGAZINE

"'THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW' takes off like a jet-propelled rocket... This is a strong statement, even when limiting the picture to its own field. I'll go even farther to contend that 'Light' out ranks every big budgeted, Hollywood film with a gay theme made to date, with the exception of 'Midnight Cowboy.' In 'Light,' the good, the bad, the beautiful, and the ugly assume their proportionate perspectives to meld into a sometimes poignant, often shocking drama that is so realistic, homosexuals as a minority group can say, 'At last, they've made a motion picture for us, about us!' Perhaps, the very thing that I once abhorred, the fact that this is an explicitly presented film, is one of the contributing factors to its impact."

— Gerald Strickland, DAVID MAGAZINE

"Most gay films take a day or two to shoot. 'Light' took weeks to shoot and months to edit... The movie will soon be released nationally and should keep the audience on the edge of its collective chair."

— David Jade, GAY TIMES MAGAZINE



DAVID ALLEN / RAY TODD / JIM CASSIDY / JOEY DANIELS IN "THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW"
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